

A
SOUVENIR
OF
NEWSTEAD ABBEY
the home of
LORD BYRON



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Powell Phipps

In remembrance of my Mother
from Grace S. Phipps.

1880.





THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, TORONTO, CANADA

A
SOUVENIR
OF
NEWSTEAD ABBEY,
FORMERLY THE
HOME OF LORD BYRON.
ILLUSTRATED.

PAST

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once resplendent dome!	Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall
Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's pride!	Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state
Of warriors, monks, and dames, the cloister'd tomb,	Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide	scowling defiance on the blasts of fate

PRESENT.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray:
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.

Elegy on Newstead Abbey

BY RICHARD ALLEN.

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MDCCCLXXIV.



ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THIS VOLUME
IS,
BY KIND PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO
MRS. WEBB, OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.
AS A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.
BY THE AUTHOR, OF THE
UNRESTRICTED FACILITIES AFFORDED HIM, FOR ILLUSTRATING,
PICTORIALLY AND OTHERWISE,
THE MANY OBJECTS OF INTEREST, WHICH,
ARE TO BE FOUND, IN AND ABOUT,
THE FORMER HOME
OF
LORD BYRON.

PREFACE.

THE introduction to this work, might, with propriety, be left to its title; "A souvenir of Newstead Abbey"—for the following reasons:—First: because that venerable edifice has been adjudged by one of America's most pleasing and popular writers, to be, "one of the finest specimens, in existence, of those quaint and romantic piles, half-castle, half-convent, which remain, as monuments of the olden times of England;" next: because it was the cherished home of one of England's greatest poets, and is illumined by his brilliant genius; and lastly: because it has, by the liberality of successive owners, been visited by thousands of the most elevated in rank and talent, in our own country; and by a countless number of the most distinguished, in science, literature, and art, from all parts of the world. Such a subject, forsooth, needs no other recommendation; and yet, a few explanatory words are necessary. The author claims no originality for his work, beyond that of attempting, for the first time, he believes, to illustrate, by Photography, the many objects of interest, which externally and internally, are associated with this world-renowned Abbey. The prose descriptions are, in a measure, compilations, from a variety of sources, combined with a considerable amount of interesting, and, hitherto unpublished, details; and the poetry, with the exception of a few lines, specially applicable to one subject, is BYRON'S. The aim has been, to furnish those who have hitherto seen, and may hereafter see, Newstead, with a pleasing, and truthful "Souvenir" of their visit. How far this has been accomplished, others will judge. The Dedication, stamps the work with authenticity, and recognises the generous aid by which it has been accomplished. For success, the book will depend upon the appreciation of those, who, admire what is "beautiful in art;" and others, who, recognising the wonderful intellectual power of BYRON, can also enter, somewhat, into his feeling of affection, for his "home at Newstead."

R. A.

Nottingham, 1874.

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NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

“ Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle ;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay :
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.”

BYRON.

THERE is, perhaps, no place in England that has stronger claims to the veneration of Englishmen than Newstead Abbey. As a relic of former times, it is truly estimable ; but its value is greatly enhanced when it becomes associated with our remembrances of the noble bard, Byron, to whom it once belonged. Those who have visited this beautiful spot, will require no description of it, as the recollection of the scenery cannot fail to remain upon their minds in all its vivid colours ; and to those who have not visited it, we fear that all attempts to delineate it would fall far short of adequate justice. Newstead has, no doubt, been the spot from whence many important events connected with English history have emanated : and, certainly, though retired from the turmoils of the world, and planted in the very spot that solitude would have selected as her own, yet, amidst the seeming quiet that prevailed, ambitious churchmen might and did nurture here schemes of grandeur that were to elevate the see of Rome above the nations of the world, and cause all kingly diadems to bow before the influence and power of the triple crown.

Newstead Abbey was founded about the year 1170, in the reign of Henry II. ; and at the dissolution, in the time of Henry VIII., was possessed of ample revenues, nearly the whole of which were conferred on Sir John Byron, commonly known at that time as “ Little Sir John with the great beard.” His monument and effigy in

brass may be seen in Colwick Church,* near Nottingham, where many of the Byron family are interred, the estate of Colwick having formerly belonged to them. Sir John was Governor of Sherwood Forest, and he fitted up part of the Abbey, including the south aisle of the church, as a residence; but the church itself was suffered to fall into decay, and at present but little remains except the west front, standing in majestic ruin, and evidencing the extent and grandeur of the venerable structure. Soon after sunrise, and a little before sunset, are the periods when a view of the Abbey is seen to the greatest advantage: more particularly the latter, as then the gorgeous tints of the western sky are thrown, with all their glowing warmth of colouring, on the dark grey and partially ivy-covered walls. The improvements commenced by the late Colonel Thomas Wildman,† and more recently carried on by the present proprietor, William Frederick Webb, Esq., are many and judicious, and enable us to present another version of the lines which head this paper:—

O'er thy battlements, Newstead, whilst hollow winds whistle,
 Hospitality's banner is proudly displayed;
 The rose has supplanted the hemlock and thistle,
 And joy, peace, and love are in beauty arrayed.

Before proceeding to enumerate, and illustrate, some of the many objects of interest which present themselves in and around the Abbey, we will first give a brief sketch of the life of that remarkable man, to whom, of all others, Newstead owes so much of its interest, and who has attracted pilgrims to it from all parts of the world: and we are the more inclined to adopt this course from the fact that, though the Poet's fame is universal, two generations have passed away since he lived amongst us, and there are probably thousands who know little of his early and eventful life.

* He is five feet five inches in length, arrayed in armour, but bare-headed, and his hands raised to his breast in prayer; *there is no beard.*

† The Manor of Newstead comprises about 3,226 acres, and was purchased by the late Colonel Wildman, in 1810, from Lord Byron, with whom he had formerly been a school-fellow, and sat in the same form at Harrow. Writing to the Colonel, after the purchase had been completed, his Lordship says: "I should regret to trouble you with any requests of mine, in regard to the preservation of any signs of my family which may still exist at Newstead, and leave everything of that kind to your own feelings, present or future, upon the subject. . . . I trust that Newstead will, being yours, remain so; and that it may see you as happy, as I am very sure that you will make your dependents. With regard to myself, you may be sure, that whether in the fourth, or fifth, or sixth form at Harrow, or in the fluctuations of after life, I shall always remember with regard my old school-fellow—fellow monitor and friend." On the restoration and decoration of the Abbey alone, Colonel Wildman is said to have expended £200,000; nor can the present liberal possessor, W. F. Webb, Esq., who purchased the estate of the Colonel's Executors, in 1861, have spent less, in completing the work which his predecessor had so well begun.

LORD BYRON.

“When the fox’s wife was impudent to the lion’s, as to the number of their respective families, she was requested to remember that a single lion was decidedly superior to a whole litter of foxes; and, if Nottinghamshire is reproached as to the paucity of her Poets, she may proudly answer that one of them is a BYRON.”—*S. Reynolds Hole, M.A.*

LORD GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON, 6th Baron Byron, of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, was born on the 22nd of January, 1788, in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London. His descent dates from the time of the Norman conquest of this island. The Byrons, or Birons, who had been knights and baronets long before, were first made lords during the reign of Charles I., whose cause they espoused in opposition to that of the Commons of England. Notwithstanding his ancient lineage, of which he was always proud, Byron, owing to the imprudence and vices of his father (Captain Byron, nephew to the then lord), was born and brought up in what, considering the notions of his class, must be called poverty. Owing to an accident attending his birth, one of his feet was distorted, a defect which was a source of pain and mortification to him during the whole of his life.

In 1790, when he was only two years old, his mother, who had separated from her husband, retired with her child to Scotland, her native country, and established herself in humble lodgings in the town of Aberdeen. Proud, impetuous, and of a most inflammable temper, this unfortunate woman was not at all fitted to correct those hereditary vices which Byron, in after years, was accustomed to say were strong within him. The most important of all the parts of education is that for which the child stands indebted to its mother, and nothing could well be worse than the Poet’s maternal tuition and example. As for his father, he took no charge of him, but, withdrawing to the Continent, in order to escape his creditors, died at Valenciennes, in 1791. When about five years old, Byron was sent to a day-school at Aberdeen, kept by one Bowers, who received from the Poet’s mother five shillings a quarter for such instruction as he could give. After staying rather more than a year at this school, he was placed under the tuition of a poor but well-informed Scotch clergyman, called Ross, who taught him to read. From the care of Mr. Ross his mother removed him to that of Mr. Paterson, the son of his shoemaker, who taught him a little Latin, and attended him with much kindness, until Mrs. Byron sent him to the Free Grammar School of Aberdeen, where he was studying when the death of the lord, his grand-uncle, recalled him to England, and to the enjoyment of such a provision as suited a peer of the realm in his minority. This uncle, to whom he succeeded, was a man of turbulent passions,

and a melancholy occurrence had thrown a gloom over the last thirty years of his life. In a duel, which some people say was rather a chance scuffle arising out of the heat and intoxication of the moment, he killed his neighbour and relative, Mr. Chaworth. The House of Peers, before whom he stood his trial, in 1765, acquitted him, but his own conscience and his country neighbours never did. He shut himself up in his patrimonial mansion, the old, and then melancholy, Abbey of Newstead, and thenceforward led an unsocial and eccentric course of life. He took no interest in his heir, who was destined to illustrate the proud name of Byron. He never seems to have exercised any pecuniary generosity towards him; and it is said that, on the rare occasions when he mentioned him, it was always as "the little boy who lives at Aberdeen." In 1798, when the Poet succeeded to his uncle's titles and estates, he was little more than ten years old. His mother, whose weak head was turned by the sudden change in her fortunes, immediately removed to Newstead Abbey, and took great pains to keep always before his eyes the fact that, though only a boy, he was now a lord. To attend both to body and mind, she employed one Lavender to straighten his unfortunate foot, and a Mr. Rogers to instruct him in Latin. The former, who was an impudent quack, did him no good; but the latter, a respectable schoolmaster of Nottingham, improved him considerably by reading passages from Virgil and Cicero with him. In less than a year Byron's mother carried him to London, whence, after consulting more able surgeons, who could no more cure a deformity than the empiric had been able to do, she had him conveyed to Dulwich, and placed in a quiet boarding-school, under the direction of the late Dr. Glennie. But for the indiscretions and constant interference of Mrs. Byron, Dr. Glennie might not only have made him a better scholar than he ever became, but have checked, in the germ at least, some of those infirmities of temper and those vices which embittered his after-years. He had not been two years under charge of this excellent man when his mother removed him to Harrow, where, with the exception of the usual long vacations, he remained till 1805, when he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge.

During his stay at Harrow he was somewhat irregular in his habits; but frequently gave signs of a frank, noble, and generous spirit, which endeared him to all around, and especially to his schoolmates. During his vacations his mother continued to spoil him by alternate indulgence and harshness. She introduced him to masquerades, and other exciting and fashionable entertainments, before he was fifteen years of age; and it was about this period of his life when he first became acquainted with Miss Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley, to whom he afterwards became warmly attached, but who treated his love as emanating from a clever, warm-hearted, but capricious school-boy. She looked upon him as a friend, and nothing more, and, about two years after her first acquaintance with him, gave her hand to Mr. John Musters, a Nottinghamshire gentleman. When at

Cambridge, Byron studied by fits and starts, but continued to cultivate that taste for poetry which first showed itself when he was about ten years of age. At the same time he indulged in many eccentricities, and caused great annoyance by keeping a bear and several bulldogs.* In 1806, whilst yet at college, he printed a very thin quarto volume of poems, for private circulation, which has become exceedingly rare,† and in 1807 he published his “Hours of Idleness.” At one time, Byron thought of turning his attention to politics, and delivered two set speeches in the House of Lords, after which his senatorial ardour ceased altogether. In 1809, Lord Byron, in company with his friend, Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, left England to travel in Portugal, Spain, Greece, Turkey, &c.

As we shall hereafter have occasion to introduce other episodes in the life of Byron, in connection with particular parts of the Abbey, we proceed to consider

THE WEST FRONT,

WHICH is composed of some majestic relics of the former ecclesiastical edifice, with a portion of the attached baronial mansion, modernised, enlarged, improved, and embellished from a state of dilapidation. Notwithstanding the apparent incongruities of mixed styles in the architecture, the whole presents an imposing and picturesque object from several points of view. The splendid remains of the Abbey Church, at the north-western end, is an exquisite remnant of the olden sanctuary, and one of the finest specimens of the early English style of Anglo-Gothic architecture to be found in the kingdom; and unquestionably forms the principal and most attractive external feature of the whole edifice. Lord Byron thus expresses his veneration for this portion of his home, and at the same time paints a graphic word-picture of the edifice itself:—

“ A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
 (While yet the Church was Rome’s) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screen’d many an aisle :
 These last had disappear’d, a loss to art :
The first yet frown’d superbly o’er the soil,
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn’d the power of time’s or tempest’s march,
 In gazing on that venerable arch.

* The following is as an illustration of Lord Byron’s fondness for animals, &c. :—Shelley, the poet, a familiar acquaintance of his Lordship’s, with whom he was travelling in Italy, thus wrote to one of his friends, on August 21, 1821.—“ Lord B’s. establishment consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all these, except the horses, walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels, as if they were the masters of it. . . . P.S.—After I have sealed my letter, I find that my enumeration of the animals in this Circean palace was defective, and that in a material point. I have just met on the grand staircase five peacocks, two guinea-hens, and an Egyptian crane.

† One of the two or three copies known to be in existence will be found amongst the Byron relics.

“ Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone ;
 But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
 When each house was a fortalice—as tell
 The annals of full many a line undone,—
 The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.

“ But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
 The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
 With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd :
 She made the earth below seem holy ground.
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship make some thoughts divine.

“ A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
 Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
 Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
 Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
 The gale sweeps thro' its fretwork, and oft sings
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
 Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.”

The Sussex Tower, at the south-west corner, so called in honour of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex,* was built by Colonel Wildman, in the Norman style. The large windows in the centre represent the great dining-hall, whilst the two small bays, near to the ruins, are the rooms formerly occupied by Lord Byron.

THE SOUTH FRONT

Does not present any particular feature requiring comment, beyond the fact, that it is in the Gothic style of architecture, in conformity with the Sussex Tower, has a wide flagged terrace, interspersed with flower-beds, and bounded by massive stone balustrades. The centre basement storey was formerly the *Xenodochium*, which will be found illustrated elsewhere ; whilst above is the Grand Saloon. On the right are the private apartments of the family.

The distant view of the Abbey which we have selected, with the lower lake in the foreground, is picturesque, and gives a pleasing idea of the extensive improvements which the Abbey has undergone, since it was occupied by the Poet, and of the great efforts which have been made, by the late and present owners, to beautify and adorn it, as well externally as internally.

* Colonel Wildman was Equerry to H.R.H.





THE EAST FRONT,

As seen from the side of the Eagle Pond,* is, perhaps, to the ordinary observer, the most pleasing view of all. Here the Abbey is seen clothed in "ivy green" from one end to the other. On the left is an interesting relic of the old mansion, which, in its architecture, appears to have no affinity with any other part of the edifice. In the centre is the chapel, surmounted by the state-rooms formerly occupied by regal guests; and on the right the billiard-room, formerly the orangery, but which in its vicissitudes has also been a mere lumber-room; whilst prominent in the foreground is Boatswain's resting place, and in the distance, and above all, a glimpse of the ruined arch is obtained. In no part of this extensive domain is the fostering care of the present owner more evident, than in the beauty and order with which the grounds are laid out, and the shrubberies arranged.

THE NORTH SIDE, which completes the quadrilateral of the Abbey, forms a striking contrast with other portions of the venerable edifice, by the simplicity of its architectural details, and by its sombre appearance. It occupies the south side of what was formerly the church, and, with the grove of trees opposite, marks out the intervening space as "consecrated ground;" at all events, such has been the refined feelings of the owners of the Abbey, that not a flower or shrub of any kind, has been permitted to rear its sacrilegious head on the smooth shorn turf, which covers the entire space where the sacred edifice once stood. At the east end of the Church, and within a few feet of the spot on which the high altar stood, is

THE DOG'S TOMB.

THIS is a marble monument, erected by Lord Byron, to commemorate the death of his favourite dog, Boatswain. This noble animal, we learn, after long and faithful services, was seized with madness, and so little was his Lordship aware of the fact, that at the commencement of the attack, he more than once, during the paroxysms, wiped away the dreaded saliva from his mouth. The dog's death is thus announced by Lord Byron to his friend, Mr. Hodgson:—"Boatswain is dead! He died in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost everything excepting Old Murray."

* Formerly a Monkish fish-pool, but now a fine sheet of water, about 100 yards in length by 50 in breadth. It takes its name from the fact that, in the time of the 5th, or "Wicked Lord," a large brass eagle was fished up from the bottom, with a massive pedestal attached, in which was afterwards found a number of parchment deeds and grants, of the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VIII., chiefly relating to, or connected with, the rights and privileges of the Abbey, and which are now in Mr. Webb's possession. The eagle may still be seen in Southwell Minster, where it does duty as a lectern; and, doubtless, it performed a similar office formerly, as a stand for the missal in the Abbey church.

It was upon the death of this favourite dog that the following lines, which appear upon the tomb, were written :—

“ EPI TAPH.

“ When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhaust's the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below ;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been :
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, the foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust !
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn :
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise :
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.”

By a will which his Lordship executed in 1811, he directed, that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden, near his faithful follower. This feeling of affection to his dumb and faithful friend, however commendable in itself, was beyond the bounds of reason and propriety, and was, consequently, not carried out. In fact, the sale of the Abbey, in 1813, quite put an end to the idea, as will be seen by the following expression of his feelings :—“ I have built myself a bath and a *vault*, and now I sha'n't be buried in it. It is odd that one can't even be certain of a *grave*, at least a particular one.”

The monument is a plain, compact, four-sided structure, standing on a base of six broad steps, the slabs of which are parted by fissures in a most singular manner, said to be by an earthquake ;* and the vault underneath is divided into three

* “ One most singular circumstance strikes one at Newstead. There are numberless fissures in the stone work. They do not descend in an irregular vertical line, like what we call settlements, but are almost invariably horizontal. They are peculiarly conspicuous on the Southern Front, and in the Chapter-house and parts adjacent. To those who have read of Lisbon, of Pompeii, and of Cataneo, it may appear strange to be told that these fissures were the result of an earthquake, which occurred some years since. Three sharp, distinct shocks, as if the ground was upheaved, took place one after the other, and the result was the curious appearance presented throughout the building.”—*J. Ashpitel. F.S.A.*



compartments, one, as we have before intimated, for Lord Byron himself, another for his faithful Murray, and the third for Boatswain, whose virtues are thus perpetuated :—

“ Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.”

Leaving Boatswain to his peaceful and solitary repose, we bend our steps to the left, and, entering upon a broad terrace-walk, forming three sides of a square, —once the favourite resort of the Monks, but now exhibiting long and unbroken lines of floral grandeur, such as art and nature alone could produce,—we enter a dark grove of trees, the description of which we give in *Washington Irving's* own language :—“ This grove goes by the sinister name of “ The Devil's Wood,” and enjoys but an equivocal character in the neighbourhood. It was planted by ‘ the wicked Lord Byron,’ during the early part of his residence at the Abbey, before his fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth. Having something of a foreign and classical taste, he set up leaden statues of satyrs or fawns at each end of the grove. The statues, like everything else about the old Lord, fell under the suspicion and obloquy that overshadowed him in the latter part of his life. The country people, who knew nothing of heathen mythology and its sylvan deities, looked with horror at idols invested with the diabolical attributes of horns and cloven feet. They probably supposed them some object of secret worship of the gloomy and secluded misanthrope and reputed murderer, and gave them the name of ‘ The old Lord's Devils.’

“ I penetrated the recesses of the mystic grove. There stood the ancient and much-slandered statues, overshadowed by tall larches, and stained by dank green mould. It is not a matter of surprise that strange figures, thus behoofed and behorned, and set up in a gloomy grove, should perplex the minds of the simple and superstitious yeomanry. There are many of the tastes and caprices of the rich, that in the eyes of the uneducated must savour of insanity.

“ I was attracted to this grove, however, by memorials of a more touching character. It had been one of the favourite haunts of the late Lord Byron. In his farewell visit to the Abbey, after he had parted with the possession of it, he passed some time in this grove in company with his sister, and, as a last memento, engraved their names on the bark of a tree.

“ The feelings that agitated his bosom during this farewell visit, when he beheld around him objects dear to his pride, and dear to his juvenile recollections, but of which the narrowness of his fortune would not permit him to retain possession, may be gathered from a passage in a poetical epistle, written to his sister in after years :—

“ ‘ I feel almost at times as I have felt
 In happy childhood ; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
 My heart with recognition of their looks ;
 And even at moments I could think I see
 Some living thing to love—but none like thee.’

“ ‘ I did remind thee of our own dear lake,
 By the old Hall which may be mine no more.
 Leman’s is fair ; but think not I forsake
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore :
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;
 Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
 Resign’d for ever, or divided far.

* * * *

“ ‘ The world is all before me ; I but ask
 Of Nature that with which she will comply—
 It is but in her summer’s sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask,
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

* * * *

“ ‘ For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine ;
 We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
 Beings who ne’er each other can resign ;
 It is the same, together or apart,
 From life’s commencement to its slow decline
 We are entwined : let death come slow or fast,
 The tie which bound the first endures the last !’

“ I searched the grove for some time before I found the tree on which Lord Byron had left his frail memorial. It was an elm of peculiar form, having two trunks, which sprang from the same root, and, after growing side by side, mingled their branches together. He had selected it, doubtless, as emblematical of his sister and himself. The names of BYRON and ARGUSTA were still visible. They had been deeply cut in the bark, but the natural growth of the tree was gradually rendering them illegible.”*

* The portion of the tree on which the names are engraved, having shown symptoms of decay, was removed by Mr. Webb in 1861, and placed in a glass case, in the South corridor of the Abbey.



Leaving the grove on the opposite side, we continue our ramble on another portion of the terrace, at the end of which is the FRENCH GARDEN, with its stone balustrades and eccentric flower-beds. At a short distance from this spot, on the borders of the lawn, with the garden, or middle lake, glistening like silver, and the soft valley of Newstead stretching beyond, stands, in all the health and vigour of its species,

BYRON'S OAK.

THIS tree was planted by the Poet on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, and he ever afterwards displayed the greatest regard for its prosperity. It is very probable,—at least, so we are led to believe by some of his biographers,—that his Lordship's mind was tainted with superstition ; and, if so, that would account for his linking the fate of this tree with his own. "As it fares," said he, "so will fare my fortunes." In 1807, when he again visited the Abbey, he found the oak choked up with weeds, and well nigh destroyed ; which circumstance called forth the following beautiful lines :—

" Young oak ! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine ;
That thy dark waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

" Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride :
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

" I left thee, my oak, and, since that fatal hour,
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire ; *
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

" Oh ! hardy thou wert—even now little care
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal :
But thou wert not fated affection to share—
For who could suppose that a stranger would feel ?"

In a note to Murray's edition of Byron's works it is stated, that shortly after Colonel Wildman took possession, he one day noticed this tree, and said to the servant who was with him, " Here is a fine young oak, but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place." " I hope not, sir," replied the man ; " for it is the one that my Lord was so fond of, because he set it himself." Since that time the late Colonel Wildman, Mr. Webb, and all connected with them, have taken every possible care of it, and strangers inquire for it, as the " Byron Oak," so that it now shares in the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow.

* Lord Grey de Ruthyn then occupied the Abbey.

Before leaving this locality, so linked as it is with the Poet's early life and after fame, we must turn aside to notice the MONKS' STEW POND, a small sheet of water, embowered in a grove of overhanging yews, of a date, in all probability, coeval with the venerable Abbey itself. Its use was for the stowage of fish, for the delectation of the "Friars of old," who have, doubtless, times and oft, told their beads, and said their orisons, whilst reclining in its cool recesses. Close by the pond is a crystal spring of the purest water, called ST. MARY'S WELL, which bubbled and boiled when the monkish fathers dipped their flagons into it; as it did when Lord Byron drank of it and praised its purity; and as it does now to all who seek a refreshing draught. One other object of attraction claims our notice, and, though it has not the name of Byron to give it an interest, is still looked upon with more than ordinary pleasure by visitors.

THE FERNERY.

THIS exhibition of Ferniculture, if we may so term it,—for it contains, to all appearance, every known specimen of the genus *cryptogramic*,—was formed about ten years since, under the immediate supervision of the estimable lady of the Abbey, Mrs. Webb, assisted by her intelligent and practical gardener, Mr. Anderson. The entire conformation displays great knowledge of the nature, habits, and character of the plants themselves; an eye to the beautiful, in grouping; and a highly cultivated and classical taste in the conception of the grottoes. Here, there is a rustic alcove, with a curiously carved figure from the Abbey church; there, two broken columns of Egyptian granite; and, beyond, the carved head of a column, which does duty as a table, for a sun dial, and bears the following inscription:—

"This piece of marble, the capitol of one of the smaller columns of the Temple of Venus, at the Piræus, Athens, was presented to Mrs. Webb* by F. W. Gore, 1856."

A mound in the centre is crowned with handsome broad-leaved spiral shrubs, whilst the sides, which are of loose rough stones, and serve as an embankment for the grove above, are entirely devoted to ferns. As a whole, we doubt if there is a more interesting, well arranged, or complete fernery and rockery combined, in England.

We shall now direct our attention to the mysteries which are to be found within the Abbey, and which Byron himself thus graphically describes:—

* Mother of the present owner of the Abbey, to whom it was afterwards given.



" The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,
 The cells, too, and refectory, I ween :
 An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene ;
 The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

" Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
 By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
 Might shock a connoisseur ; but when combined,
 Formed a whole, which, irregular in parts,
 Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
 At least of those whose eyes were in their hearts ;
 We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
 Nor judge at first if all be true to nature."

INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY.

THE principal entrance into the Abbey is on the west side, through a Gothic porch, which leads into a large HALL, or CRYPT, and thence to the MONKS' PARLOUR; the former is somewhat below the level of the ground outside, and both are of great antiquity. The roofs are low, groined, with pointed arches, springing from plain octagon shafts, without imposts, and plain chamfered groin ribs, evidently of the very early English type, and coeval in age with those under the bishop's house at Chester. The hall is about 47 feet long by 23 feet wide, and has its sombre appearance relieved by a number of stuffed animals, which were shot or captured by Mr. Webb, whilst travelling in Africa. On the grand staircase, at the south end of the Hall, are three paintings, one by *Alfred Corbould*, representing the present owner of the Abbey, after he had shot the lion, the skin of which is in the Entrance Hall; a view of the Abbey, from the opposite side of the lake, by *J. Bell*; and a copy of Raphael's Cartoons. Ascending three or four steps, we find ourselves in the Monks' Parlour, a much smaller room, and the depository for the visitors' book, in which are the names of some of the most notable men and women, in science, literature, and art, that the world has ever known. Thence we enter the WEST CORRIDOR, along the walls of which are arranged, in glass cases, a large number of African game birds, also killed by Mr. Webb, many of them very rare, and of the richest and most varied plumage; valuable collections of china, including gems from the principal works in England, France, and Germany; a particularly rich and rare carved oak cabinet, of fanciful Italian workmanship; and numerous other articles of antique furniture, all displaying great taste and judgment in their selection.

From this corridor a spiral stone staircase leads to

BYRON'S BED ROOM,

FORMERLY the Abbot's Lodgings, which is carefully preserved, as when occupied by his Lordship. The room itself is without any pretension whatever to luxury, and the furniture is of the simplest kind, unless we except the Elizabethan bedstead, which is gilt, with coronets at each corner; the drapery is chintz, and green, with the ornamental fringes of that period; and the toilet services, for the information of those who are interested in such details, is of the veritable old fashioned blue and white pattern. From the oriel window, in which stands the writing table—on which the Poet, doubtless, committed to paper some of those heart-stirring verses which have rendered all that belonged to him sacred as “household gods,”—a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. Conspicuous in the foreground is the UPPER LAKE, which is formed by obstructing the waters of a small river (Leen), and is, probably, as old as the Abbey itself. Originally it was “the old mill-dam” of the monks, by which their corn-mill was worked, and it possesses as many traditions and fables as every other part of this romance-haunted valley. These chiefly relate to the treasures which are supposed to be in its depths, and to the pranks of the “wicked Lord,” who built the mimic fortifications which are still to be seen on each side of it. The present rising woods, which add so much to the beauty of the scenery, were planted under the direction of the Poet, who thus describes the locality:—

“ It stood embosom'd in a happy vale,
Crown'd by high woodlands,* where the Druid oak
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally
His Hest, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke ;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters : as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

“ Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around : the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed :
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

* The “Wicked Old Lord,” in his scheme of rural devastation, had cut down all the woods that once fringed the lake. Lord Byron, on coming of age, endeavoured to restore them, and a beautiful young wood, planted by him, now sweeps up from the water's edge and clothes the hill-side opposite to the Abbey. *Washington Irving.*





" Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
 Sparkling with foam, until, again subsiding,
 Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
 Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
 Into a rivulet ; and thus allay'd,
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
 Its windings through the woods : now clear, now blue,
 According as the skies their shadows threw."

Leaving a scene which, it can readily be imagined, was calculated to inspire the enthusiasm of a poet, we enter

BYRON'S DRESSING ROOM,

IN which, as in everything else connected with his domestic arrangements, we find the greatest simplicity. Here is his dressing-table, looking-glass, bath, and toilet requisites, just as he left them. On the walls are views of Oxford, Cambridge, and Harrow, in water colours ; a portrait of Jackson, the pugilist,* and, conspicuous above all, in the corner over the fire-place, is his faithful JOE MURRAY,† in flaxen wig, blue coat, and buff waistcoat, with a pipe in his hand.‡

Before leaving this, by its associations, enchanting part of the Abbey, we must look into the HAUNTED CHAMBER, which, leading out of Byron's bed-room, was formerly occupied by his page. It had the reputation, also, of being tenanted by a less earthly visitant—none other, in fact, than the ghost of a Black Friar :—

" Beware, beware of the Black Friar,
 Who sitteth by Norman stone,
 For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
 And his mass of the days that are gone.
 When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
 Made Norman church his prey,
 And expell'd the friars, one friar still
 Would not be driven away.

* Lord Byron's taste for boxing brought him acquainted, at an early period, with this distinguished, and, it is not too much to say, *respected* professor of the art ; for whom, throughout life, he continued to entertain a sincere regard. In a note to the 11th canto of "Don Juan," he calls him "his old friend," and "corporeal pastor and master."—*Murray's Poetical Works of Lord Byron.*

† Joe Murray died at the age of 86, seventy years of which had been passed as an honest, faithful servant at the Abbey. He came, when a mere boy, in the train of the "old Lord," and, having been a cabin-boy, fancied himself somewhat of a sailor, and had charge of all the pleasure boats on the lake. He was afterwards, however, advanced to the position of butler. In the latter days of the old Lord, when he excluded himself from the world, Joe and the housekeeper were his only servants. When the Abbey came into the possession of Lord Byron, Joe Murray was taken to as a fixture, and reinstated at once in his dignified position as butler, and high admiral on the lake. His bluff, sterling honesty, so won the affections of his noble master, as to rival his Newfoundland dog in his estimation, and to gain for him an allotted place in the proposed sepulchre with them. Often when his Lordship was dining, so says an informant, he would pour out a bumper of choice Madeira, and hand it to Joe, as he stood behind the chair. Joe was always neat in his person, and made a respectable appearance, as will be seen by his portrait.

‡ It is said that, on Lord Byron asking Joe Murray, if he thought his (Murray's) a good likeness of himself, replied, "Nay, my Lord ; not without my pipe ;" whereupon Lord Byron requested the artist to add that article to the picture, and put it in Joe's hand for the purpose.

“ Though he came in his might, with King Henry’s right,
 To turn church lands to lay,
 With sword in hand, and torch to light
 Their walls if they said nay ;
 A monk remain’d, unchased, unchain’d,
 And he did not seem form’d of clay,
 For he’s seen in the porch, and he’s seen in the church.
 Though he is not seen by day.

“ And whether for good, or whether for ill,
 It is not mine to say :
 But still with the house of Amundeville
 He abideth night and day.
 By the marriage-bed of their lords, ’tis said.
 He flits on the bridal eve :
 And ’tis held as faith, to their bed of death
 He comes—but not to grieve.

“ When an heir is born, he’s heard to mouru ;
 And when aught is to befall
 That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
 He walks from hall to hall.
 His form you may trace, but not his face,
 ’Tis shadow’d by his cowl,
 But his eyes may be seen from the folds between
 And they seem of a parted sonl.

“ But beware, beware of the Black Friar,
 He still retains his sway ;
 For he is yet the church’s heir,
 Whoever may be the lay.
 Amundeville is lord by day,
 But the monk is lord by night ;
 Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
 To question that friar’s right.”

The little room is dark and gloomy, having formerly been an Oratory, where the monks, whom age or illness confined to the infirmary, performed their private devotions. As the window looked into the church, the monks had the advantage of joining in these services also. The furniture is the same as when occupied in Lord Byron’s time. On the walls are small portraits of Arundel and Archbishop Chicheley, Queen Catherine Parr, and Cardinal Pole. Byron, as we before noticed, was said to be superstitious, and to have declared he had seen, on more than one occasion, the ghostly father who assumed to be the guardian monk, and whose spirit remained to keep possession of the Abbey. The Poet thus alludes to the mysterious visitor, in the 16th canto, of Don Juan :—

“ As Juan mused on mutability,
 Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—
 No sound except the echo of his sigh,
 Or step, ran sadly through that antique house :
 When suddenly he heard, or thought so, ugh,
 A supernatural agent—or a mouse,
 Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
 Most people, as it plays along the arras.



“ It was no mouse ; but lo ! a monk, array'd,
 In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, appear'd,
 Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
 'With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard :
 His garments only a slight murmur made :
 He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
 But slowly ; and as he passed Juan by
 Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

“ Juan was petrified : he had heard a hint
 Of such a spirit in these halls of old,
 But thought, like most men, there was nothing in't
 Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,
 Coin'd from surviving superstition's mint,
 Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
 But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper :
 And did he see this ? or was it a vapour ?

“ Once, twice, thrice, pass'd, repass'd, the thing of air,
 Or earth beneath, or heaven, or t'other place ;
 And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,
 Yet could not speak or move ; but, on its base
 As stands a statue, stood : he felt his hair
 Twine like a knot of snakes around his face :
 He tax'd his tongue for words, which were not granted,
 To ask the reverend person what he wanted.”

It will be consolatory to believers in ghosts, and such like nonsensical superstitions, to learn, that the “ Black Friar,” and all other superhuman visitants, departed with the Byrons, and have not since been heard of. Sir Richard Phillips, in his pleasing account of a visit to the Abbey, specially mentions the indulgence afforded him, by being permitted to sleep “ in Byron's bed and Byron's room”—“ A stranger to personal fear and superstition, I enjoyed my berth, neither heard nor saw anything, nor ever slept more soundly.”

Retracing our steps to the west corridor, a massive oak door admits into

THE GREAT DINING HALL,

FORMERLY the ancient refectory of the Abbey, and an apartment of noble proportions, being 64 feet in length, including the gallery, by 36 feet in breadth, and 36 feet in height. A massive carved oak Gothic screen, in three compartments, occupies the south end, over which there is a music gallery. The screen is elaborate in design, and harmonizes well with the style and character of the edifice. The following inscription, in raised church text, appears on the front of it :—

“ FUNDAVIT HENRICUS REX II. ANNO REG XX. CONCESSIT JOANNI BYRON,
 ANNO DOM. MDXL. ACQUISIT THOMAS WILDMAN, A.D. MDCCCXVIII.”

The ceiling, from which a number of banners are suspended, is of massive oak framework, springing from shield corbels, richly decorated with armorial bearings.

The walls, which are panelled to the height of twelve feet, with oak said to have been cut from one tree which grew in Hardwick Park, are ornamented, with excellent effect, with suits of ancient and modern armour, including one of Charles II's time, swords, spears, and battle-axes, stags' antlers, a rhinoceros's head (stuffed whole), clauds', giraffes', oryx', and other heads, &c. The room is lighted by three large recessed windows, reaching up to the ceiling, in the upper compartments of which are armorial bearings and devices, by *Willement*, illustrative of incidents in the history of the Abbey.*

On either side of the screen are two figures in complete suits of armour, one of the time of Edward III., and the other of Henry VIII.; there is also an antique, richly carved oak chair, bearing date 1611; and a massive oak chest, with the date 1637 carved upon it. The floor, which is of stone, carpeted, is strewn with the skins of wild animals, all the victims of Mr. Webb's prowess, excepting that of a very large white Polar bear, presented to that gentleman by James Lamont, Esq., author of "Days among the Sea Horses."

Leading out of the Dining Hall is

BYRON'S DINING ROOM,

FOR as such it was used by his Lordship, when staying at the Abbey. It is now the BREAKFAST ROOM for the family, and was in ancient times the Lord Abbot's parlour, by which name it is still known. The ceiling of this room is deeply panelled, and richly decorated in azure and gold; the walls are oak panelled, and the mantel-piece is one of those beautiful productions, which will hereafter be more fully described, and which invariably rivets the attention of visitors. In the centre of this one, in particular, are the armorial bearings of the Byrons, on which may be traced, in antique letters, "Sir John Byron, MDLVI," and

* One window contains armorial bearings relative to the founders and founding of the Abbey, which the late owner laudably endeavoured to restore from the description given by Thoroton. It appears that Henry VII. came to Newstead, to hunt with the Prior in his grounds at Blidworth. The King was accompanied by Sir W. Savage and his brother Thomas, the Archbishop of York, whose arms, with that of the Priory, are in the window; also six coats of arms of principal families in the county, who, no doubt, were with him to meet his Majesty. Another is a memorial window of beautiful design, containing three compartments, bearing the following inscriptions:—

G. W.	S. W.	M. G.
Fraterni Amoris	Matris	Sororis Dilectissime
In Memoriam.	Optime et Charissime	In Memoriam.

In the third, or centre window, are three compartments, commemorative of the military achievements of the late Colonel Wildman, when serving in the 7th Hussars, and of his two brothers. The one relative to himself records the following engagements in which he took part:—

Sahagun—Mayorga—Benevente—Corunna—Pampeluna—Nivelle—Orthes—Toulouse—
Quatre Bras—Genappe—Waterloo.



three projecting heads (two male and a female), commemorative of an incident in the Crusades, when an ancestor of the Byrons is said to have rescued a Christian maiden from a Moor. (Note, p. 22.) Most of the articles of furniture were used by Lord Byron himself; the chairs are covered with very fine old tapestry, illustrative of some of Æsop's fables. The pictures consist of a beautiful portrait of Rembrandt, by himself, a copy from the celebrated picture at Clumber; The Infant Saviour, by *John Van Eyck*, supposed to be the finest specimen by this master in England, painted on panel; the wife of one of the Lord Byron's, by *Sir Peter Lely*; a painting of a salmon, by *Rolfe*; Colonel Goodlake, Coldstream Guards, V.C. (Mrs. Webb's brother), by *Collins*; a picture of a child's head, by *Alfred Corbould*, and a horse in stable, by the same; picture of fruit, by *Lance*, R.A.; and an old man's head, by an old Italian master.

Again crossing the west corridor we enter

THE LIBRARY,

WHICH occupies nearly the whole of the north side of the Abbey, and would, originally, according to modern ideas of architecture, have formed the south aisle of the adjoining church. It is a long, narrow room, panelled in light and dark oak, and admirably adapted for the purpose to which it is applied. The literary treasures, carefully and judiciously arranged upon shelves, or spread out upon tables, comprise a valuable collection of ancient and modern books, including many rare and choice specimens of the classics; some very fine works on art; and others, containing rare and valuable old engravings. The art treasures consist in part of, two portraits, by *Sir Peter Lely*, of Nell Gwynne and Mrs. Hughes; and of portraits of the Earl and Countess of Rutland, by *Caspar Netschin*. There is, also, a portrait of the first lay owner of Newstead, Sir John Byron, sometimes called Longbeard (Ætatis suæ, 73, A.D. 1599); a portrait of Colonel Wildman, the late owner: Windsor Castle, by *Wright*, of Derby; and a good copy of the portrait of The Cenci, at Rome. The stained glass windows, which look into the quadrangle, are the remains of some of those formerly in the Abbey church, and are much prized. An ebony carved chair of Henry VIII's., presented by that monarch to Mr. John Byron; several elaborately carved ebony and oak chairs, with a settee *en suite*, given to the Abbey by Charles II.; a number of antique chairs; and a richly carved marble chimney-piece, are amongst the other objects of interest in this room.

On leaving the Library for the EASTERN CORRIDOR, a fine specimen of oak carving presents itself, over the door of the former, representing an elephant and warriors, surmounted by an Austrian eagle. This corridor, like the former one, is resplendent with cases of richly plumaged stuffed East Indian and African birds; engravings; choice specimens of Wedgwood, Chelsea, and Derby chinias, &c.; several

antique chairs of the time of the "Merry Monarch," probably from one of his palaces, as they are decorated with the royal arms of that period; and a beautifully carved ebony chest. There is, also, in this corridor, an object of great interest and value, viz., the bronze wrought knocker, or Lombardian *Porte-marteau*, that was formerly on the entrance door of the Abbey. This was lent to the South Kensington Museum for some time, being considered a magnificent work of art of its *genre*.*

Leading out of this corridor are the STATE BED CHAMBERS, a magnificent *suite* of apartments† facing the east, from the windows of which charming views are obtained. These rooms are supposed to have been the "guest chambers" for great personages, who visited this part of the country in olden days, for the purposes of hunting in Sherwood Forest, and were usually accommodated in the Abbey. The first of this series is

CHARLES THE SECOND'S ROOM,

WHICH is situated just over what was formerly the Orangery. The room itself was occupied by this King when he visited the Abbey.‡ It is well proportioned, and lofty, the lower part being panelled with oak, whilst the upper portion

* An engraving was made of this knocker before it was returned to Mr. Webb from the South Kensington Museum.

† The ancient state apartments having, from neglect, fallen into decay, were in a very ruinous condition when Lord Byron occupied the Abbey.

‡ To show the connection of the Charles's with Newstead, it may be stated that the Abbey sustained a siege between Charles I. and the Parliamentary forces, and is thus described by the Poet:—

"An abbey once, a regal fortress now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

"Ah! vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave."

In the same elegy we find the following reference to the Restoration:—

"The legal ruler* now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

"The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

"Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly earousing, bless their lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn."

Charles II.





is hung with Gobelin tapestry, rich in colours, and of marvellous workmanship, representing oriental hunting and bacchanalian scenes; two of the subjects being from designs by *Reubens*. Over the chimney-piece there is a portrait of Charles; over the door another of his mother, Queen Henrietta Maria; and a third of Mrs. Nott. The state bed is ample and lofty; the hangings are of rich and costly French needlework, which belonged to Prince Rupert; with chairs to match, probably two hundred and fifty years old; whilst the embroidery on the coverlet was worked by Mary, Queen of Scots. The ceiling is richly decorated with various heraldic devices, conspicuous among which are those of the Byron family. A richly inlaid *marquetric* cabinet is also worthy of notice; as is also the old Venetian "character" point lace, which adorns the velvet cover of the dressing table: and an old tapestry screen and sofa.

The DRESSING ROOM adjoining, is hung with a beautiful series of panels, representing the seasons, with Time, Ceres, and other mythological deities, which are considered remarkably fine specimens of Gobelin tapestry. The portraits in this room are Sarah (Jennings), Duchess of Marlborough, by *Sir Peter Lely*; and one of the Child family.

In the lobby adjoining, is an unfinished stained glass window, the work of the late Lady Gardener, sister of the late Colonel Wildman; and a carved oak cabinet.

EDWARD THE THIRD'S ROOM*

THIS is said to have been occupied by the before-mentioned King on his visit to the Abbey.† Certainly, if we judge from its general appearance, and from the character of its fittings, we shall have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that this room was occupied at that distant date. The walls are panelled throughout with oak, whilst over the chimney-piece there is a curious relic of olden times, a mantel-piece several feet square, carved in high relief, with compartments, in each one of which is a human bust, protruding some distance from the wall. Some of the figures are in a Gothic garb, whilst the most prominent amongst them is that of a female, who is earnestly regarded by a fierce Saracen from an adjoining

* It is more than probable that Edward I., and not Edward III., used this room, inasmuch as the former certainly visited the Abbey, and granted a charter to John De Annesley, dated at *Newstede*, in *Shirewood*, 4th October, in the eighth year of his reign.

† Two of the family of Byron are represented to have served with distinction in the siege of Calais, under Edward III., and to have been amongst the knights who fell on the glorious field of Cressy.

niche.* The bedstead is of massive oak, and bears date 1630, whilst the hangings are of needlework, by a number of ladies of Nottinghamshire, whose names appear upon the borders, and who presented them to Mrs. Wildman. The cabinets are especially deserving attention, being remarkable specimens of ancient carving. The paintings, on wood panels, are strictly in character with the room itself, and consist of Robert, Count D'Artois (1338), Edward the Confessor, Henry IV., Richard III., Henry VIII., Queen Mary of England, Mary Queen of Scots, and Edward VI. The old lace on the toilet table, and on the slab between the windows, is worthy of a passing glance.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S ROOM

Is remarkably rich in Gobelin tapestry,† which decorates three sides of the room. The subjects are mythical, representing several Indian (life-size) figures, and some extraordinary specimens of the fish and reptile tribes.‡ The bed itself is of modern construction, but there are some old chairs and chests, and another of the mysterious mantel-pieces. The pictures in this room are, a portrait of one of the Byrons, a Lady in masquerade dress, and a portrait of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, in armour.

HENRY THE SEVENTH'S LODGINGS,

So named in commemoration of that monarch having visited at the Abbey. There are two or three objects in this room which will attract especial attention, viz., a beautifully carved black oak bedstead, said to have been the property of Oliver Cromwell; with curious white embroidered curtains of that period: a carved oak

* On referring to the Poet's "Lines on leaving Newstead Abbey," in *Murray's Edition of Byron's Poetical Works*, we find the following verse, with a foot note, explanatory of its meaning:—

"Of the mail-covered barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The esentecheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain."

"There being no record of any of Lord Byron's ancestors having been engaged in the Holy Wars, Mr. Moore suggests, that the Poet may have had no other authority for this notion, than the tradition which he found connected with certain strange groups of heads, which are represented on the old panel-work in some of the chambers at Newstead. In one of these groups, consisting of three heads, strongly carved, and projecting from the panel, the centre figure evidently represents a Saracene or Moor, with an European female on one side of him, and a Christian soldier on the other. In a second group, the female occupies the centre, while on either side is the head of a Saracene, with the eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Of the exact meaning of these figures there is nothing known, but the tradition is, that they refer to a love adventure of the age of the Crusades."

† Brought by Colonel Wildman from a palace in Spain, after the Peninsular campaign, in which he was engaged.

‡ This tapestry is signed by Neilson.









dressing glass, date 1666; and a portrait of Lord Byron's faithful dog, "Boatswain," immortalized by the Poet in the famous epitaph. The other pictures are, two Highland sporting scenes, by *J. Bottomley*, and a copy, in carved oak frame, of *Raphael's* "Madonna del la Sedia."

Having completed our inspection of these rooms, and of the many objects of interest which throug the corridor out of which they lead, we ascend a short and broad flight of stairs, on either side of which are paintings of Judith and Holofernes, by a *Veronese*; two paintings by *Bottomley*, and the interior of the great church at Amsterdam, by *Vliet*. Arrived on the landing, we have, on the one hand, the PRIVATE APARTMENTS, and on the other the Saloon. Before entering the latter, we may, parenthetically, observe, that the former are fitted up in the most exquisite style, and in the best taste, with carved and polished black oak: every appointment being *en suite*; the *Boudoir* itself is especially chaste and beautiful, and the *beau ideal* of a "lady's chamber," the walls, of old carved oak panels, being filled in with mirrors; and there is a wealth of similar material in the bedroom and dressing-room.

THE SMALL DRAWING ROOM,

WHICH is, in fact, one of the family apartments, but which, by the kindness of the owner, is shown to visitors (except on very special occasions), is luxuriously furnished in the modern style. A large bay window affords an expansive and pleasing view of the country beyond; whilst the room itself is made additionally resplendent, by large mirrors, which reflect the numerous drawings, paintings, and articles of *vertu*, which hang upon the walls, or are arranged on tables. Amongst the former are portraits in crayon of Mr. Webb, by *Harrison*; of Mrs. Webb, by *H. Fanner*; of the late Dr. Livingstone, by *Harrison*; of Lord Byron, the poet, in water colours, by *Gilchrist*;* and a pencil sketch of Napoleon I., when First Consul, taken from life, by *Phillips*, R.A., and by him presented to the late Colonel Wildman. Conspicuous amongst the oil paintings are, Captain Martin's vessels in a waterspout, by *Reinagle*; the original painting, by *H. Barraud*, of the three charity girls, entitled, "Lord have mercy upon us;" and a *replica* of the three charity boys, a companion picture, by the same artist, entitled, "We praise Thee, O Lord!" both well known from the engravings; two sea pieces, by *Koekock*; a landscape, by *Williams*; a white pony and retriever at a cottage door, by *A. Corbould*; a very old painting, on glass, of fruit, &c.; a child, by *Greuze*; and a cabinet picture, by *Haynes*; besides some good water colour drawings.

* Representing Lord Byron in the gown worn by noblemen at Trinity College, Cambridge, on festive occasions. It was long in the possession of the late Mr. Litchfield, of Cambridge, with whom Lord Byron lodged, and to whom it was given on his lordship's leaving that university. The Duke of St. Albans obtained it from Mr. Litchfield a few years since, and presented it to Mrs. Webb, by whom it is highly valued. This picture has recently been engraved, and forms the frontispiece to "Carl Elze's Life of Lord Byron."

Over the chimney-piece, there is a very ancient and peculiar mirror, gilt, in compartments, with groups of birds, &c., painted on the glass; and on the opposite side, a large cabinet, with glass doors, enclosing a very choice collection of old Venetian glass.

THE GRAND SALOON.

THE whole air and style of this apartment partakes more of the palace than the monastery, inasmuch as it forms a striking contrast to the quaint and sombre apartments through which we have been passing. It is elegantly upholstered, in crimson satin and gold, and the walls are hung with paintings, which are not unfittingly described by Byron himself in the following lines:—

- “ Steel barons, molten the next generation
To silken rows of gay and garter'd earls,
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation;
And Lady Marys, blooming into girls,
With fair long locks, had also kept their station;
And countesses mature, in robes and pearls:
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.
- “ Judges in very formidable ermine
Were there, with brows that did not much invite
The accused to think their lordships would determine
His cause by leaning much from might to right;
Bishops, who had not left a single sermon;
Attorneys-General, awful to the sight,
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
Of the ' Star Chamber' than of ' Habeas Corpus.'
- “ Generals, some all in armour, of the old
And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the lead:
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
Hunger than twelve of our degenerate breed:
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold:
Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contained the steed;
And here and there some stern high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.
- “ But, ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
Or wilder group of savage Salvatores: *
Here danced Albano's boys; and here the sea shone
In Vernet's ocean-lights: and there the stories
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.
- “ Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:
But, lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish,
Or Dutch, with thirst—What, ho! a flask of Rhenish.”

* Salvator Rosa.



The Saloon, or Large Drawing Room, as it is sometimes called, was formerly the dormitory for the monks, and is of the same date as the lower part of the cloisters. It is 75 feet in length by 35 feet in width,* and has a massive oak framed ceiling, slightly curved and deeply panelled, the space between the timbers being filled in with stucco and ornaments, apparently of the time of Charles I. The chimney-piece, of white Italian marble, is a spirited and valuable specimen of sculpture, and represents Androcoles taking the thorn out of the lion's foot, with two exquisite busts of Socrates and Demosthenes as jambs. Immediately over the chimney-piece, and, occupying, as it were, the post of honour, is the well-known original PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON, by *Phillips*. R.A.; the other paintings are, the late Duke of Sussex, by *Lonsdale*; the Earl of Arundel and his son, by *Vandyke*; George III., by *Ramsay*; William III., by *Sir Godfrey Kneller*; Mary, by *Sir Godfrey Kneller*; George I., the Princess of Wales (mother of George III.) and George II.; a Stag hunt, by

* The following letter from Charles Skinner Matthews, Esq., a friend and companion of Lord Byron's, draws a very fair picture of the condition of the Abbey when his Lordship succeeded to it, and of the kind of life he afterwards led there:—

“ My dear ——— ,

“ London, May 22nd, 1809.

“ I must begin with giving you a few particulars of the singular place which I have lately quitted.

“ Newstead Abbey is situated 136 miles from London, and four miles on this side Mansfield. * * * Though sadly fallen into decay, it is still completely an *Abbey*, and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which, though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so; and many of the original rooms, amongst which is a fine stone ball, are still in use. Of the Abbey church only one end remains, and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a heap of rubbish.

“ Leading from the Abbey to the modern part of the habitation is a noble room, 70 feet in length and 23 in breadth; but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present Lord has lately fitted up.

“ But if the place itself appears rather strange to you, the ways of the inhabitants will not appear much less so. Ascend then with me the hall steps, that I may introduce you to my Lord and his visitants. But have a care how you proceed; be mindful to go there in broad daylight, and with your eyes about you; for, should you make any blunder—should you go to the right of the hall steps, you are laid hold of by a *bear*; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run full against a *wolf*! Nor, when you have attained the door, is your danger over; for the hall being decayed, and therefore standing in need of repair, a bevy of inmates are very probably banging at one end of it with their pistols! so that if you enter without giving loud notice of your approach, you have only escaped the wolf and the bear to expire by the pistol-shots of the merry monks of Newstead.

“ Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others, and was now and then increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. As for our way of living, the order of the day was generally this: for breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience, everything remaining on the table till the whole party had done—though, had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, one would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always, even when an invalid, the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then, for the amusement of the morning, there was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock in the great room—practising with pistols in the hall—walking, riding, cricket—sailing on the lake—playing with the bear or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined, and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

“ I must not omit the custom of handing round after dinner, on the removal of the cloth, a human skull filled with Burgundy.

“ After revelling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, we adjourn to tea, where we amused ourselves in reading or conversation, each according to his fancy; and, after sandwiches, &c., retired to rest. A set of monkish dresses, which had been provided with all the proper apparatus of crosses, beads, tansures, &c., often gave a variety to our appearance and pursuits.”

Oudry (1745); "The Two Sisters," a fine picture, by *Vandyke*; portraits of the late Frederick Webb (father of the present owner of Newstead), by *Sir William Ross*; Fanny Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel,—“loveliness personified,”—(*vide* “Jesse’s Court of England,” by *Sir Peter Lely*; and Lady Lambert (Mr. Webb’s sister), by a Belgian artist. Amongst the articles of *vertu* are several rare cabinets; one very old, richly gilt, and deeply carved, in *alto-relievo*, Italian workmanship; an ebony and tortoiseshell; a tortoiseshell, inlaid with silver; a carved black ebony; an ebony and ivory inlaid, of old Milanese work; an old Venetian one, gilt; and an ebony, inlaid with *Pietra dura*. There are, also, several glass cabinets, containing choice specimens of rare and valuable china, of different epochs. At the west end of the room is a collection of Limoges enamels, by *Jean Courtois*, *Pierre Penicault*, *Jean Limousin*, and *Pierre Raymond*, well worthy of close examination. Under a glass case, is a large exquisitely carved ivory model of a monument proposed to be erected to Leopold I., of Germany. In the recess of the oriel window is a splendid and unique Etruscan vase, of white alabaster, decorated with figures and designs in red. There is, also, an ivory chair, one of six, inlaid with gold, formerly the property of Warren Hastings, which were received by him from Tippo Sahib. They afterwards went into the possession of Queen Charlotte, and at her death the whole set were sold, and purchased by Lord Radnor, the late Lord Henry Seymour, Lady Olivia Sparrow, and the late Mr. Frederick Webb, father of Mr. Webb. The rarest and most valuable object in the whole room is a magnificent table,* of old Florentine *Pietra dura* work, mounted in ebony and ormolu; the groundwork is composed of valuable stones, lapis lazuli, jasper, agate, &c., the whole design most faithfully and marvellously representing birds and insects of many descriptions. This invaluable work of art was purchased by Mr. Webb’s father, out of one of the Italian palaces, when travelling in that country, soon after the Peace, in the early part of the present century.

Before leaving the saloon we would especially notice the cabinet, which is situate at the east end. It is gilt, and richly inlaid with tortoiseshell and silver, and was formerly the depository for the SKULL CUP,† which became celebrated in consequence of the use which Byron made of it, and the lines which he had engraved upon it.‡

Leaving the saloon by the south door, we emerge into the SOUTH CORRIDOR; wherein we find a more than ordinarily rich and rare, collection of antique

* A very considerable sum was once offered to Mr. Webb, for this table, and declined.

† The skull, which was of an unusually large size, and presumed to have belonged to a friar or monk, was dug up in the grounds of the Abbey.

‡ It may be well to state, that this cup was never used, after Lord Byron’s departure from the Abbey. It descended, with other goods and chattels, to the late Colonel Wildman, by whom it was carefully treasured amongst the relics of his departed friend; and from him to the present owner, by whom it was some years since, reverentially, returned to the dust from whence it came.



furniture, including a complete *boudoir suite*, composed of ebony, and inlaid with silvered glass, formerly the property of Queen Elizabeth; cabinets and chairs; marble statues; models of men in armour; a pair of rich Bohemian glass vases; engravings; large cases of stuffed Indian birds; and a number of Livingstone relics. These are, the cap which the great traveller wore, up to the time of his death, May 1, 1873; his consular sword; and several specimens of native spears, daggers, anklets, &c., from Central Africa; some of which were sent home by Dr. Livingstone, to Mr. Webb, by Mr. H. M. Stanley; and others were presented to that gentleman by Mr. T. S. Livingstone, Miss Livingstone, and other members of the same family. There is, also, as mentioned, at page 10, the portion of the tree on which Byron engraved the names of himself and his sister, Augusta, the day before he left the Abbey for ever, which must be classified amongst the

BYRON RELICS.

THESE, as before intimated, have been collected and preserved by the late and present owners of the Abbey, with an energy and zeal which is beyond all praise. As everything, personally connected with the Poet, is looked upon with an interest almost amounting to veneration, we describe the several articles in detail. A plain circular library table, on which Byron wrote part of "Childe Harold," and "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" portrait of his friend, Charles James Fox;* pair of spill cups; cup and saucer, and plates; pair of candlesticks; inkstand; dress sword; broad sword; copy of his earliest poems (page 5); sword stick, which he carried with him in Italy, and on his travels; the rapier with which the 5th Lord fought the duel, and killed Mr. Chaworth;† the last cap he wore in

* On the death of Mr. Fox, some ill-natured remarks, appeared in a morning newspaper of that day, to which Lord Byron replied, and from which we extract the following testimony to his friend's worth:—

"Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?"

* * * * *
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn."

† The following is a brief narrative of this sad event:—Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, of Annesley, neighbours and relatives, were accustomed, with other gentlemen of the same county as themselves, to meet, once a month, at the Star and Garter tavern, in Pall Mall, at what was called the "Nottinghamshire Club." The meeting, at which the misunderstanding took place, and which led to the duel, was on January 26, 1765. The hour of dining was about four in the afternoon, and the rule of the club was to have "a bill and a bottle" brought at seven. John Hewitt, Esq., was in the chair, and several gentlemen, whose names are still familiar in Nottinghamshire, were present. All was enjoyment, until about the hour for separating, when the chairman started a conversation, on the subject of game, and the best means of legislating for its preservation. The subject was taken up by Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron, who differed in opinions, the former insisting on severity, whilst the latter declared that, "the way to have most game, was to take no care of it at all." This brought out, very acrimonious expressions of feeling on both sides; and taunts from Mr. Chaworth as to the quantity of game Lord Byron had upon his estates. A bet of £100 was proposed by his Lordship, but treated only as a jest by those present, as it could not be decided. Mr. Chaworth afterwards, with some heat, made some remarks, which were tantamount to a challenge. This action on the part of that gentleman was, our informant says, "condemned by his friends," and the quarrel would, but for a fortuitous circumstance, have ended here. Unfortunately, the two gentlemen, shortly

Greece, given to the late Colonel Wildman, by Fletcher, Lord Byron's trusty valet, who travelled home from Greece, in charge of his late master's body; brass helmet and sabretache, worn on his last expedition in the same country; "Boatswain's" collar; singlesticks, boxing gloves, and face guards; two volumes of early poems; and three carved oak chairs, the seats of which were embroidered by his sister Augusta, with Lord Byron's coat of arms. In addition to the foregoing, there is a collection of very rare and valuable autograph letters, MSS., &c., by Lord Byron and other literary celebrities, connected with him; which have, from time to time, been presented to Mrs. Webb, by Mrs. Wildman, the late Miss Elizabeth Pigot,* of Southwell, and others. These relics are most jealously guarded by the possessor, as amongst her most cherished treasures, and are shown only, by herself, for obvious reasons, to a privileged few.

To the initiated, a private staircase, would now lead to the cloisters, but we prefer to reach them by another route, one which will not only afford an insight into the HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM, which is coziness itself, but will give us an opportunity of inspecting the intermediate storey, between the grand saloon and the crypt below. We are, unfortunately, without any data as to how this *suite* of rooms was occupied by the monks; but we can bear testimony, to the courtesy and attention, which we have at all times received, from the present occupant, Mrs. Cooper.

Descending a flight of stone steps, we arrive at the

SERVANTS' HALL,

FORMERLY the *Xenodochium*, or guestern hall, of the Abbey; where the charitable monks received their poor and infirm neighbours, and doled out to them, with a

after, met on the stairs, and it is doubtful whether Lord Byron called upon Mr. Chaworth, or *vice versa*; but, be that as it may, they both entered an empty room, and calling for a candle, closed the door. In a few minutes the affair was decided: the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain. The two combatants were found standing close together; Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his in his right; Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, as Mr. Chaworth's right arm was round Lord Byron's neck, and on his shoulders. Mr. Chaworth desired the landlord to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivered his up at the same time. The account Mr. Chaworth then gave of the affair was, "that he could not live many hours; that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him if he meant the conversation on the game, to apply to Sir Charles Sedley or to him? To which he replied, 'If you have anything to say, we had better shut the door;' that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and, in turning, he saw his Lordship's sword half drawn, on which he whipped out his own, and made the first pass, the sword being through his Lordship's waistcoat. He thought he had killed him, and, asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron, while he was speaking, shortened his sword and stabbed him in the belly." Mr. Chaworth, notwithstanding he had every surgical assistance and advice that could be obtained, from the most eminent medical men of the day, lingered a short time, and then died at his house in Berkeley Row. Lord Byron afterwards surrendered himself to be tried by his peers, April 16, 1765, when a verdict of "Guilty of manslaughter" was returned, which, he being a peer, was tantamount to a dismissal, on paying the fines.

* This lady was the early friend of Lord Byron's youth, and at her death, most considerately and kindly, bequeathed her invaluable collection, of Byronic letters, and a number of objects of interest, connected with the Poet, to Mrs. Webb.







generous hand, medicines and alms, according to their necessities. The room, if it may be so called—but which has all the appearance of a Crypt—is 71 feet in length by 35 feet in width. Its architectural details are precisely the same as those of the entrance hall, but more extensive; it is groined, with pointed arches, and plain octagon shafts, and is evidently about the same age. The entire building, it is *suggested*, was, in all probability, erected slowly and progressively, through four successive reigns—Henry, Richard, John, and Henry II. Much surprise will doubtless be felt by many, who, after reading the descriptions of these vaulted rooms, and of their antiquity, shall afterwards find them in a comparatively new state;* but it must be borne in mind, that since Lord Byron's time, immense sums have been expended (page 2), by the present and past owners—not in rebuilding the ancient parts of the Abbey, but in *restoring* them to somewhat of their former condition. What they were at that time

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLOISTERS

WILL demonstrate. Here we have, apparently, the oldest part of the Abbey, in its pristine state, and to the archaeologist it has been, and will probably be, again and again, the key to much interesting research. As to the date when it was first erected, all we can glean on the subject, from the sources at our command, is conjectural. THE CLOISTERS are quadrangular, and exactly resemble those of Westminster Abbey, only on a smaller scale. These were the cloisters of the ancient Abbey, and many of its tenants, of that period, now lie, in silent repose, under its flagged pavement. They were formerly two tiers of windows in height; † but it is alleged, and no doubt with truth, that the library, and south, east, and west corridors, were erected by the Byrons, when they converted the building to domestic uses. “There is,” says an eminent writer on the subject, “something of great beauty in these cloisters; and, in point of utility, the design is unmatchable. Cloisters of double height are rare in England.” Within these hallowed walls, “which were considered as sacred as a church, and where, under no circumstances, the monks were allowed to converse,” there are other interesting architectural specimens, viz., the door leading from the Monks' Parlour into the cloisters, and the door leading into the Prior's house, both of which have plain Norman heads; so also has the great arch, on the south side, which formerly covered the lavatory. All these are, no doubt, coeval with the first erection of the Abbey itself.

* The Fifth Lord Byron, the immediate predecessor of the Poet, breathed his last under the only roof, of all this vast pile, that kept out the wet. The old *Xenodochium* and Great Refectory were, at that time, full of hay, and the Entrance Hall and Monks' Parlour were a stable for cattle.

† There are only three similar examples in England—at Westminster, as above stated; at Magdalen College, Oxford; and at the Cheetham Library, Manchester—but all are of Late Perpendicular.

THE CHAPEL,

FORMERLY the Chapter House, is on the east side of the cloisters, and is an exquisite, and, at the same time, singular specimen of Norman and Early English architecture combined. It is 24 feet square, and has a groined roof, supported by *two* clustered columns, with shafts round the centre pillar,* the foliage on the capitols of which, as well as on the arch over the entrance door, is very beautiful.

About ten years since, the Chapel was beautifully, and most effectively, decorated throughout, by Mr. Webb's direction, in the Early English style, every care being taken that the ornamentation should be strictly in accordance with the ecclesiastical taste of that period.† On the north side,‡ a raised gallery, serves as the family pew, and is lighted by a stained glass window, allegorical of Solomon's Temple, and bearing the following inscription:—

“ To the memory of Colonel Thomas Wildman, who died September 20, 1859.
Erected by William Frederick Webb, A.D. 1864.”

Three other memorial windows light the body of the sacred edifice. The centre one represents Mary at the foot of the cross; and, on a brass plate beneath, is inscribed—

“ In memory of Mary Webb, who departed this life August 28, 1860, aged 64 years.
Erected by her son, William Frederick Webb.”

The window to the left, represents the centurion coming to Jesus, and was erected to the memory of Mr. Webb's only brother, Augustus Frederick Cavendish Webb, Captain, 17th Lancers, who died at Sentari, of wounds received in the gallant charge of the “Light Brigade” at Balaclava, October 25th, 1854. The remaining window represents the children being brought to our Saviour, and is to the memory of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, who died at Newstead, 1861. To the left of the Chapel entrance is a high pointed arch, indicative that, at some former period, another room adjoined the Chapel on that side. At present, the space underneath is used as a means for warming the Chapel, and previous to that, it was formed into a bath by Lord Byron; but its original use was, doubtless, to serve as the mortuary chamber for the Abbey. Before leaving these interesting relics of the past, one other object attracts attention, viz. :—

* Most chapter houses in England are either polygonal, and supported by one central column, as at Worcester, Salisbury, York, &c, or are oblong chambers, without columns, like those at Chester, Canterbury, &c. In this instance, we have a groined roof, supported by two columns, giving a very peculiar character to this exquisite little building, which is 24 feet square. The foliage on the capitols vary in character; on one, it is absolute Early English; on the other, as absolutely Late Norman. The arcade against the wall is also extremely beautiful. * * * * * The entrance door to the Chapel is extremely beautiful, and another worthy study; the arch is circular, and was intersected by the floor of the upper part of the cloisters, but was laid open to view by the late proprietor.—*Arthur Ashpitel, F.S.A.*

† Nearly all the designs were taken from missals of the time of Henry II., in whose reign the Abbey was built; others were discovered under the plaister, which formerly covered the roof, and were reproduced.

‡ A brass plate, inserted into the wall, has the following inscription, commemorative of the partial restoration of the Abbey by the former owner:—“ Has, ædes, vetustate, labendes restituit, ornavit, dilexit, Thomas Wildman, obiit. Sep. 20, 1859.”







THE QUADRANGLE,

OR CLOISTER COURT, in the centre of which is a singularly antique, four-sided fountain,* which formerly stood in front of the Abbey, but which was afterwards removed to its original and more suitable position. Lord Byron thus speaks of it :—

“ Amidst the Court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring gush'd through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.”

The interior of this court—the silence of which is only broken by the fall of water in the fountain—with its ivy-covered walls, speaking of former ages, and of men and manners long since departed, impresses the mind with a feeling of awe and admiration, which it is difficult to describe, and which can only be realised by those who have seen it.

Retracing our steps a few yards, and we are permitted to look into the

SMALL DINING ROOM,

WHICH is the completion of the vaulted rooms, previously described, but which differs from the entrance hall and *Xenodochium*, inasmuch as it is much higher, and has a grander and more imposing appearance; the roof is supported in the centre by a stone column, from whence the arches spring. It was formerly the Prior's Lodging, or, perhaps, used by Lay brothers; and though, at the present time, it appears somewhat disconnected from the general plan of the original building, there is no doubt it is part of a “grand whole.” Two or three characteristic paintings in this room are worthy of mention :—An ancient one of a Friar, or Monk, holding a reliquary in his hand; † and an old Puritan Lady, attributed to *Denner*. There are, also, an old oak chest, and several black jacks, or leathern jugs, doubtless used by the monks, when Sèvres, Wedgwood, and other specimens of the potter's art, which so freely bestrew this interesting residence, were unknown.

Adjoining this room, and leading out of it, is another small one, fitted up as a vestry, in exquisite taste, and with every regard to the sacred calling of its occupant, the Rev. Curtis Jackson, the much esteemed and amiable chaplain. Beyond it, at the extreme south-east corner of the building, is the apartment in which Byron

* Formerly used as a stew for fish.

† There is a Latin inscription on the painting, saying he was a poet. His appearance gives him credit for having been fond of the good things of this world.

wrote a portion of "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE,"* but which is now used as a school-room for the younger branches of the family. The room itself is peculiar, the ceiling being low and deeply recessed in panels, supported on six octagonal pillars.† The prints and various scholastic objects, which hang upon the walls, or lie upon the tables, will doubtless interest many of our young readers, and call forth more pleasant remembrances, than would the greatest productions of the "old masters" in the grand saloon.

Until recently, what has been written would have sufficed to describe all that is specially interesting of the interior of this world-renowned Abbey; but there is still one room to be noticed—a room which has no claim to antiquity, and which is not illumined by the brilliancy of a Byron's genius; but which, by some fortuitous circumstance, is placed apart from the rest, and will henceforth be hallowed as

LIVINGSTONE'S ROOM.

HERE the great missionary and traveller—who, of all others, had, up to his untimely death, done more to explore the hitherto unknown region of Eastern Africa, and to discover the source of the river Nile—passed the time of his last sojourn in England, about eight months (between 1864 and 1865). And here, too, he wrote his last work, entitled, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," which not only contributed greatly to his literary fame, but enhanced all previous knowledge of African geography. Of the affectionate intimacy which existed between the owner of Newstead and Dr. Livingstone,‡ it will interest the reader to know that it was a

* The following stanza, and, doubtless, other portions of the canto, was written at Newstead, in August, 1811 :—

" O Albion,* glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim priek'd his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed.
Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song."

* The battle of that name,

† The "Wicked Lord" is also said to have spent his days in this room.

‡ The Rev. David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L., missionary and traveller, was born of poor parents, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, in 1817. He worked, in his early years, at a cotton factory, but applied himself closely to study in his leisure hours, and afterwards attended the medical lectures at Glasgow University. In 1840, he became a medical missionary; was sent out by the London Missionary Society, and in the same year landed at Port Natal. Travelling much in pursuit of his missionary work, he discovered Lake Ngami, in 1849, and crossed the continent of South Africa in 1853-54. In 1856, he returned to England, and in the following year published an account of his "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," and undertook the exploration of the river Zambesi, in the eastern part of that country. His wife joined him there, and died of the too fatal African fever, at Shupanga, Eastern Africa, where her remains were laid to rest, under a Baobab Tree, by her husband. Dr. Livingstone continued his labours until he returned to England, in 1864, where he was received with much enthusiasm. During his stay in this







friendship, which "grew with its growth;" it began in 1851, when the friends met first, in South Africa, and ended only when the dust of that great and good man was, in grateful recognition of his valuable services to his country, lowered into the vault in Westminster Abbey, there to mingle with that of the illustrious dead who had gone before.

"He has perished where no aid was—not a kindred spirit near;
Not a word of friendly counsel to salute his dying ear!
Perished, with his hopes unsated, and his work still incomplete,
Africa's burning sky above him, and her deserts 'neath his feet.
Who may say what tender longings, filled his lonely heart at last?
Thoughts of home and well loved faces, visions of the sacred past."

Dr. Livingstone's room is situate in the Sussex Tower, and remains in precisely the same condition as when occupied by him. The furniture and appointments are of the simplest kind, and in strict accordance with his wishes and tastes. Before a couch, at the foot of the bed, is a table, on which lie the identical writing materials which were used to tell the world of his African wanderings, up to that time. There are three oil paintings,—a landscape, attributed to *Bergheim*, a portrait of one of the Lords Burleigh, and a painting of Lord Byron's large wolf-dog; and a cedar cabinet, or press, with figures, carved in bold relief, illustrating the more familiar scenes in the Biblical history of "The Prodigal Son." From the windows may be seen the *Gigantea Wellingtonia*, planted by the lamented Doctor, in 1864, which promises to be as healthy, and henceforward to be looked upon with as much veneration as "Byron's Oak."

"Never, in the blaze of battle, was a truer hero seen,
'Mid the swoop of hostile squadrons and the sabre's blinding sheen.
Such a life, and such a death, shall wreath a glory round his name,
That shall brighten unborn ages, and illumine the scroll of fame."

THIS sketch of Newstead, as it is at the present time, would be incomplete, if it did not include some notice of the additions and improvements, which have been made upon the demesne itself. It has already been stated, that large sums of money have been expended upon it, by the late and present owners; by the former, principally, in the restoration of the Abbey, which was in a dilapidated and neglected state; and by the latter, in rendering the park, and its approaches, worthy of the mansion it enclosed. Of these, the principal entrance, called THE ABBEY LODGE, is the first to attract attention, as the visitor approaches

country, he resided with his friend, Mr. Webb, at Newstead Abbey, and there wrote his book, entitled, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." In 1865, he again returned to his self-imposed and self-denying work, in Eastern Africa, and from that time until his death, he pursued his investigations into the geography of many of its regions which were previously unknown. After having been unheard of by his countrymen for many years, with the exception of several false reports as to his death, in 1867, and subsequently, he was found by Mr. Stanley, in 1870, at Ujiji. Persisting in his researches, he died at Ilala, in Central Africa, May 4th, 1873. His remains were brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey.

from the Mansfield road side.* It is Gothic in style, and cruciform in shape; and was erected by Mr. Webb, about 12 years since, from designs by Mr. C. A. Buckler, of London. Large and massive iron gates, are flanked by semi-circular walls, so arranged as to afford space for one of the largest, and handsomest, trees in the kingdom, called the PILGRIM'S OAK.† There are two other lodges, from designs by the same architect; one at the end of a fine avenue of trees, about three-quarters of a mile in length, leading to Papplewick; and the other on the approach leading from the private railway station. Opposite the Abbey itself, are the STABLES, a handsome Gothic structure, admirably arranged, capacious, and embodying every comfort necessary for the occupants of the stalls, as well as for their attendants. They were designed by Mr. M. E. Hadfield, of Sheffield, to harmonize with the Abbey, and are built of stone, as are all the new edifices, which have been erected under Mr. Webb's direction. The ROADS, which, at various points, intersect the park, are broad, and in excellent condition; in some instances, passing between hanging woods and shrubberies; and in others, bounded by stately avenues of trees.‡ The GARDENS and PLEASURE GROUNDS have been greatly extended, from what they originally were, and are in the highest state of cultivation. A commodious house has been erected for the head gardener, and the conservatories, vineries, and green-houses, are upon a scale commensurate with the requirements of a mansion, where, during the residence of the family, the "hospitalities of old" are well sustained at the present time.

In conclusion, be it understood, Newstead Abbey is not a casket, in which its treasures are selfishly locked up. Its present proprietor, is most generous in his permissions to view it, under certain restrictions, which every right thinking person will appreciate.§ It is a family residence, in a private domain, and cannot, therefore, be thrown open, for persons to visit it indiscriminately, from mere idle curiosity.

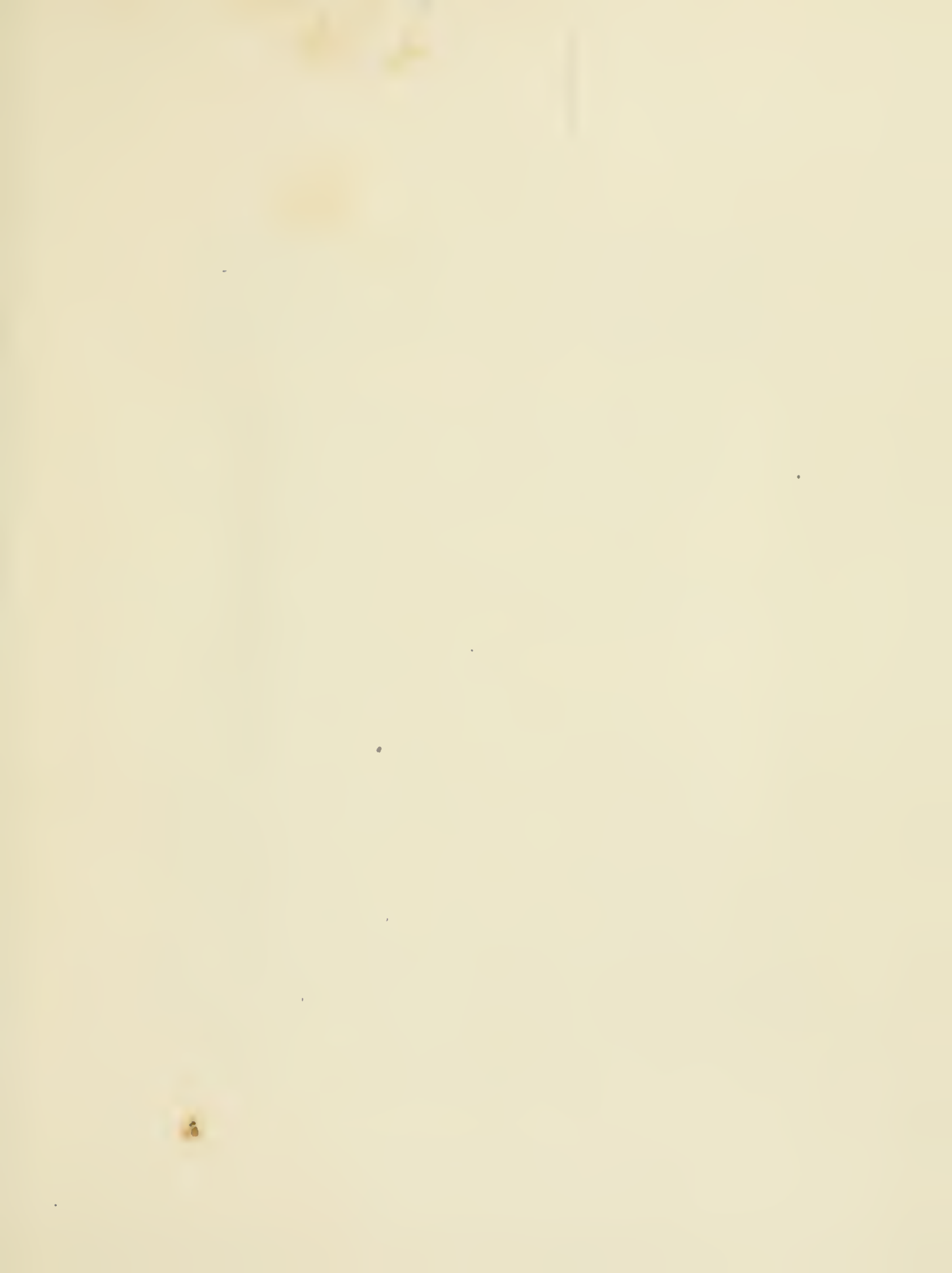
* The Hut, formerly, a quaint, old fashioned, "road-side inn," stood in front of the park gates. It was well known to travellers between Nottingham and Mansfield, and much frequented as a "house of call." About 30 years since it was taken down, and rebuilt, by the late Colonel Wildman, in old English style. It is not now, however, a hostelry, but the residence of the chaplain to the Abbey.

† The growth of this tree, which is perfectly sound and healthy, has been so beautiful, both as regards shape and the spreading of its branches, as to have been, for many years, the admiration of all who have seen it. It is a remnant of the old forest, and was preserved from destruction by the good taste and liberality of several gentlemen of Mansfield, who purchased it of the 5th, or "Wicked," Lord Byron, when, from pecuniary necessities, or, possibly, malignant motives, it was about to be felled, as hundreds of its noble and majestic brethren had been previously, and by them presented to the Poet, Lord Byron.

‡ It may be well to mention, as a historical fact, that in 1873, several attempts were made to establish rights of road through various parts of the park. These were resisted, and led to legal proceedings, which afterwards culminated in two actions for trespass. The trials took place at the Spring Assizes, in Nottingham, in 1874, when verdicts were returned in each case, to the effect, that "there never was a right of road." The Judge, Baron Pollock, before whom they were heard, ruled, that the evidence showed the disputed roads to be private, and that they had never been dedicated to the public. Great interest was created at the time, throughout the country, in what was known as "The Newstead Road Case."

§ Parties desirous of seeing the Abbey, for its associations, or other commendable reasons, must, a few days previously, address the Proprietor for permission. All such applications will be courteously responded to.







ANNESLEY HALL.

“ An early, innocent, and unfortunate passion, however fruitful of pain it may be to the man, is a lasting advantage to the poet. It is a well of sweet and bitter fancies; of refined and gentle sentiments; of elevated and ennobling thoughts; shut up in the deep recesses of the heart, keeping it green amidst the withering blights of the world, and, by its casual gushings and overflowings, recalling at times all the freshness, and innocence, and enthusiasm of youthful days. Lord Byron was conscious of this effect, and purposely cherished and brooded over the remembrance of his early passion, and of all the scenes of Annesley Hall connected with it. It was this remembrance that attuned his mind to some of its most elevated and virtuous strains, and shed an inexpressible grace and pathos over his best productions.”—*Washington Irving.*

ANNESLEY HALL is so intimately connected with the early life of Lord Byron, his poetry, and his “home at Newstead,” as to render some mention of it, in these pages, almost a necessity. The Hall is about three miles from Newstead Abbey, and is celebrated as the birthplace, and residence, of Miss Chaworth;* the lady with whom Lord Byron, whilst quite a boy, became deeply enamoured, or, in other words, the “Mary of his poetry, and the maiden of his beautiful ‘Dream.’”

According to one of his biographers, it would appear, that at first, their attachment was mutual, and their meetings clandestine; their trysting place, being, according to an entry in his Lordship’s journal, a gate, leading out of Mr. Chaworth’s estate into that of Newstead. This feeling of affection, so early conceived, was fanned into a flame, during a six weeks’ vacation from Harrow, which he spent with his mother at Nottingham.†

The Newstead estate was, at that time, let to Lord Grey de Ruthyn, but its youthful owner was at all times a welcome guest at the Abbey. It was at this particular juncture, when enjoying his noble host’s hospitality, that many and frequent visits were paid to Annesley. These visits were encouraged by Mrs. Chaworth, then a widow—not, as is stated by some writers, with a view to promote an union between her daughter and Lord Byron, but from a praiseworthy desire, by more intimate, and friendly intercourse between the families, to assuage those differences, which had for some time previous existed between them. The six weeks ended, Byron returned to his school again, deeply enamoured of Miss Chaworth, but without having made any sensible impression on her heart. It may here be mentioned that the young lady was two years his Lordship’s senior; of a light and volatile nature; and no doubt highly flattered by the attachment shown to her, which, as the sequel shows, she looked upon rather as that of a younger brother than of an ardent lover. She was punctual to their

* Miss Chaworth was born in 1786; her father died in 1791; and she was married to Mr. Musters in 1805.

† At the time of this visit, Lord Byron was fourteen years of age.

appointments, and received his Lordship's letters, but "answered them with more of the caution of coquetry than with feelings of warm affection." She gave him her picture, but her hand she reserved for another.

It is a somewhat singular fact, that Lord Byron and Miss Chaworth were both under the guardianship of a Mr. White.* This gentleman was most desirous that his wards should be united in marriage, but Miss Chaworth, as young ladies frequently do in such circumstances, thought differently, and determined to please herself in the choice of a husband. It was in vain (says a writer on this subject), that Mr. White took her from one watering place to another; still the lover, Mr. Musters, whom she afterwards married, like an evil spirit, followed; and at last, being somewhat more persuasive than the "child of song," he carried off the lady, to the great grief of his youthful rival.

Such was the beginning, and ending, of Lord Byron's "love story;" to use his own words, "the romance of the most romantic part of his life;" but that it had its effect upon his future existence there can be no doubt, as it constantly came up "like some lurking theme, which runs through a complicated piece of music, and links it all in a pervading chain of melody."

The following lines, not only depict the scene of the parting, between Byron and Miss Chaworth, prior to her marriage, but they also afford an interesting picture of himself and the object of his youthful idolatry:—

"I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green, and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the eape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Seatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away."

* This singularity will possibly be explained, by the fact, that Lord Byron and Miss Chaworth, were both wards in Chancery, and that Mr. White was appointed a guardian by the Court. The guardians, appointed by Mr. Chaworth's will, were, a Mr. Bettison, and Mr. Marriott, of Cropwell. Lord Carlisle was also one of Lord Byron's guardians. Miss Chaworth lived with her mother and step-father, the Rev. Mr. Clarke, incumbent of Annesley and Gonalston, both of whom were strongly opposed to her marriage with Mr. Musters, so much so, in fact, as to absent themselves from the wedding, which took place at Colwick. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke were equally opposed to their daughter marrying Lord Byron.

It has been said, that Miss Chaworth first fell in love with Mr. Musters as he was riding in the chase past Annesley, and that she was struck by the spirit of his appearance, and his admirable horsemanship. Be that as it may, he did not respect any feeling his future wife might have had for her youthful lover, for in after years, he not only altered the house at Annesley, but transformed the appearance of the landscape, by felling old and planting new trees; his object being, it is affirmed, to falsify Byron's description of the same.

Almost every room in the mansion is associated, more or less, with the name of Miss Chaworth, and the whole place is invested by Byron, with charms of a more than ordinary character. Here is the apartment, in which he slept when visiting there, and the favourite sitting room of Miss Chaworth, where her youthful lover sat, and listened, as she played and sang, gazing upon her with a passionate and almost painful devotion, which he thus gives expression to:—

“ He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
 She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
 For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
 Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceased
 To live within himself; she was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all: upon a tone,
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
 And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.
 But she in these fond feelings had no share:
 Her sighs were not for him: to her he was
 Even as a brother—but no more: 'twas much,
 For brotherless she was, save in the name
 Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
 Herself the solitary scion left
 Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why
 Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
 Another; even *now* she loved another,
 And on the summit of that hill she stood
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

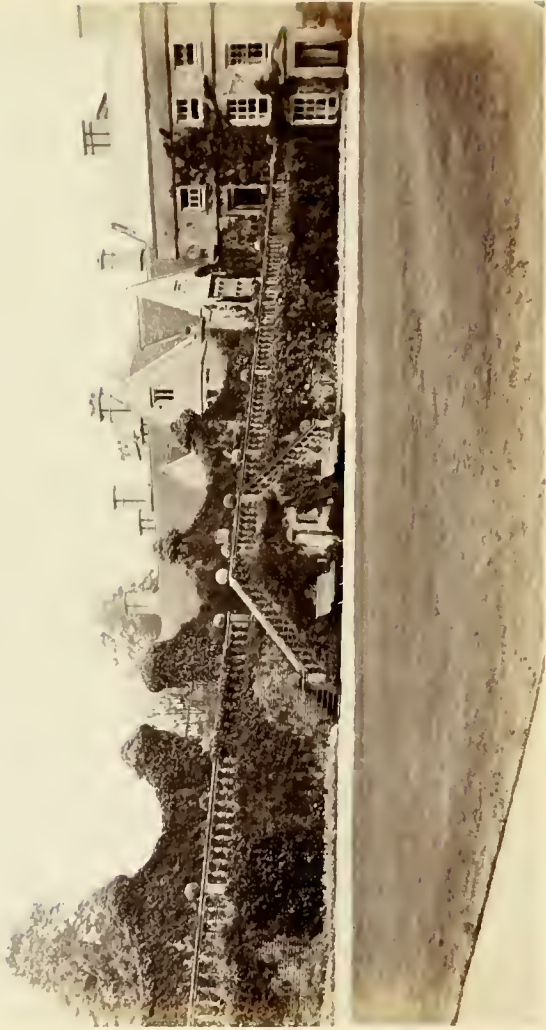
Lord Byron's departure from Annesley, after learning that Mary Chaworth was engaged to be married, is also vividly portrayed by himself in “The Dream.” Before quoting the lines, we would just remark, that the Oratory referred to, is a small room in the front of the mansion, just over the entrance hall:—

“ A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
 There was an ancient mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
 Within an antique Oratory stood
 The Boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
 And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
 He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
 Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
 His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
 With a convulsion—then arose again,

And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
 What he had written, but he shed no tears,
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
 Into a kind of quiet : as he paused,
 The Lady of his love re-enter'd there ;
 She was serene and smiling then, and yet
 She knew she was by him beloved,—she knew,
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
 Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
 He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
 He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,
 For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd
 From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
 And mounting on his steed he went his way ;
 And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.'

Notwithstanding his declaration to the contrary, Lord Byron did visit Annesley some years later. At the invitation of Mr. Musters, he dined at the Hall, when he met the object of his former idolatry, who was then, not only a wife, but a mother. The bringing into the room of the infant daughter of "one he had loved so well," was, perhaps, the greatest trial he had ever been called upon to bear, and eventually called forth the poem, commencing—

" Well ! thou art happy, and I feel
 That I should thus be happy too ;
 For still my heart regards thy weal
 Warmly, as it was wont to do.
 " Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot :
 But let them pass—Oh ! how my heart
 Would hate him if he loved thee not !
 " When late I saw thy favourite child
 I thought my jealous heart would break,
 But when the unconscious infant smiled
 I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.
 " I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs
 Its father in its face to see ;
 But then it had its mother's eyes,
 And they were all to love and me.
 " Mary, adieu ! I must away :
 While thou art blest I'll not repine ;
 But near thee I can never stay ;
 My heart would soon again be thine.
 " I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride,
 Had quench'd at last my boyish flame ;
 Nor knew till seated by thy side,
 My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.
 " Yet was I calm : I knew the time
 My breast would thrill before thy look ;
 But now to tremble were a crime—
 We met,—and not a nerve was shook.



“ I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there ;
One only feeling could'st thou trace ;
The sullen calmness of despair.

“ Away ! away ! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake :
Oh ! where is Lethe's fabled stream ?
My foolish heart, be still, or break.”

The married life of Mrs. Musters was full of grief and bitterness, and was the constant source of comment at Annesley and Newstead. “ It was disconnected from all idea of Lord Byron, but attributed to the harsh and capricious conduct of one, to whose kindness, and affection, she had a sacred claim.” The domestic sorrows, which had long preyed in secret on her heart, at length affected her intellect, and the “ bright morning star of Annesley ” was eclipsed for ever. Mrs. Musters died at Wiverton Hall, in 1832, her death being, doubtless, accelerated by the fright she suffered, on a night in the previous October, which witnessed the sacking of Colwick Hall, where she then resided, by a number of rioters from Nottingham.*

“ My dream is past ; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.”

ANNESLEY HALL is, at the present time, the residence of John Chaworth Musters, Esquire, than whom there is not a more thorough English country gentleman ; his genial manners and manly pursuits having earned for him the greatest respect and esteem of all classes.† The estate, together with those of Wiverton and Colwick, descended to Mr. Musters from his paternal grandfather, the husband of Mary Chaworth. The Hall is a place of great antiquity, and strikes the visitor, on first seeing it, as a fine specimen of an old English baronial residence, to which numerous additions and modern improvements have been made. It stands in a park of about 600 acres, and is approached by avenues of stately trees, which lead up to the entrance gateway. On passing the latter, a spacious court yard presents itself. In the distance, is the principal front of the Hall, “ a rambling, irregular pile, patched and pieced at various times and in various tastes,” covered with ever-greens, and close by is the venerable church,‡ standing upon a broad and spacious

* It is due to the memory of Mrs. Musters, who was devotedly attached to her husband, to the last moment of her existence, to say, that, during her lifetime, she frequently spoke of her acquaintance with Lord Byron, as having no more of affection in it, than might naturally exist between “ a young girl and her youngest brother ; ” and that the feeling which afterwards exhibited itself in his Lordship's poetry, was one, which had been wrought up by his marvellously fervid imagination.

† Mr. Musters was for two seasons Master of the “ Quorn.” He now hunts, the southern portion of Nottinghamshire, with his own hounds.

‡ Until recently, when a new and more commodious one was built by Mr. Musters, at the village of Annesley, this was the parish church.

terrace, several feet above the ordinary level of the ground. The court yard is flanked on the north side by a long range of low, ivy-covered buildings, used as stabling; on the east by domestic offices, which have comparatively recently been rebuilt, in Gothic style; and on the south by tall trees and shrubs, and a broad expanse of open country beyond. The centre of the court, is a neat, closely-shaven lawn, with an antique basin fountain in the centre. The interior of the mansion is, a combination of the antique, with all the modern comforts which wealth, and an exquisite and refined taste, can devise. The vestibule, leading into the entrance hall, affords unmistakeable proof of the character and tastes of its occupants—riding whips, fishing tackle, fox's heads, and all the adjuncts of sport by "flood and field," are hung about in profusion. The hall itself is a spacious and somewhat gloomy apartment, evidently of great antiquity; in the centre is a billiard table, and the walls are hung around with family pictures, among which is one of a former Mrs. Musters, who won the estate of West Bridgford, at a single game of cards. A short staircase, apparently of the Elizabethan period, conducts to a long corridor, panelled with oak, and hung with portraits of celebrities, all of whom have, more or less, their pleasant histories—and thence into the oak drawing room. This is a noble apartment, with its deeply recessed windows, massive polished oak panelling, and open fire-place. Occupied as it was, when we last saw it, it presented a glowing picture of a happy English family, of the present time, disporting itself in the halls of its forefathers. A door leads out of this room into the one designated by Lord Byron as, the Oratory. It is now a *boudoir*, light and elegant, and furnished with such exquisite taste, as to make the contrast with the dark room adjoining, a matter of grateful surprise. Other rooms in the house can boast of a profusion of artistic and literary treasures, and articles of vertu, but not of antiquity. We cannot, however, do justice to this subject in the space at our disposal; we must, therefore, retrace our steps to the west front, down a short flight of time-worn steps, with a still more antique sun-dial over head, telling as it did the Cavaliers of old, of the rapid flight of time. Here we walk out upon a spacious lawn,* from the centre of which rise two great flights of steps, leading to a long terraced walk, with heavy stone balustrades, and sculptured urns. Ascending to the terrace, we find it carefully planted, and, being flanked by a characteristic ivy-covered wall, the scene is one of great beauty and picturesqueness. Beyond the terrace, and extending for some distance, are gardens, shrubberies, cascades, charmingly arranged walks, and every luxury, that skill and taste can devise, for the rustic enjoyment of those, whose names are now, so worthily associated with ANNESLEY HALL.

* Here Lord Byron used to walk, and amuse himself in company with Miss Chaworth. Between the two flights of steps there is an entrance, to what was probably, at that time, a gardener's tool-house, the door of which has been carefully preserved. It was the target at which his Lordship practised pistol shooting, the bullet holes being distinctly visible.



HUCKNALL TORKARD CHURCH,

The final resting-place of Lord Byron, after a fitful and adventurous life, chiefly spent away from the country of his birth, is situate in a village of the same name, about eight miles from Nottingham, and three from Newstead Abbey. The sacred edifice is of great antiquity, but has little of interest to boast of, beyond the fact, that it is one of the burial places of the Byron family.

Until recently, it has been in the most time-worn and dilapidated condition—so much so, as to have become a bye-word, amongst the many pilgrims to that hallowed spot, and a matter of surprise, that Englishmen, should be content with having one of their brightest gems, enclosed in so unworthy a receptacle. Happily, this state of things has, during the past two years, been remedied, by the complete restoration, internally and externally, of the entire edifice. It is now, to use the words of the venerable and respected vicar, the Rev. G. Otter, “one of the nea testand most commodious of the village churches in the county.”*

Before relating the circumstances which led to Lord Byron's untimely death, we would just enumerate a few facts, in continuation of the brief narrative of his life, which appears in the early part of this work. In 1811, his mother, for whom he entertained a warm affection, died, and, notwithstanding “her proud, impetuons, and most inflammable temper,” he suffered greatly from her loss, and from the

* The following description of the late condition of the church, of its internal arrangements, and of the works effected for its restoration, have been courteously supplied by Messrs. Evans and Jolley, the eminent architects, of Nottingham, to whose care they were judiciously entrusted:—

Early in 1872, the gentlemen referred to, were instructed to report on the condition of this church, and to prepare plans for its restoration and enlargement, it being in a most dilapidated condition. The church, consisting of a nave, with western tower, north aisle, and chancel, was fitted up with high square pews, of the past century, and a gallery, extending across the west end of the nave and north aisle; plastered ceilings concealed the decayed roof. The tower, which is a massive structure of the 12th and 14th century work, had its archway in the nave, blocked by the gallery, and a brick wall; the ground storey of the tower, being used as a coal store and general lumber room. In June, of the same year, the work of restoration, and enlargement, commenced, with the following results:—The addition of a south aisle, new roof to nave, north aisle and chancel, restoration of the perpendicular windows in north aisles, the tracery of which was nearly gone, just sufficient remaining to guide the architects in restoring them to their original form; the removal of the galleries, and opening out the tower, exposing a fine 12th century archway; laying new floors throughout, fitting up the church with open benches, (free and unappropriated), restoring the old font, new oak screens, on the site of the original ones, the stamps of which were discovered in the angles of the high pews; a new pulpit, standing against the north-east pier of the nave; and fitting the chancel with oak stalls, for the choir. The vestry and organ chamber, are placed at the east end of the north aisle. The chancel windows, which are good examples of plain, intersecting tracery, have been repaired and re-glazed. Lord Byron's tablet, remains in its original position, on the south wall of the chancel; that to his daughter's memory, being over the doorway in the same wall. The Byron family vault is under the floor, within the communion space, south of the centre; the cover of which, in laying the new floors, had to be repaired and refixed; and it may interest some to know, that the vault, containing the remains of the great Poet, is in excellent repair; the velvet covered coffins of Lord Byron and his daughter appearing comparatively uninjured by time. The old south porch, was carefully taken down, and rebuilt against the new south aisle, the old woodwork being repaired and refixed. To complete the restoration, there are further works to be done in the tower, which it is to be hoped ere long will be accomplished. The principal donors towards the works done, were, His Grace the Duke of Portland, the lay impropiator; the Rev. Luke Jackson, a former vicar; Mr. John Godher, Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Mr. James Widdowson, Mr. H. B. Paget, Mr. Ellis, and the Bloomhill Charity.

disappointment of not seeing her before her death ; he having set off on a long and tedious journey, immediately on hearing of her illness.

On the 2nd January, 1815, he was married, at Seaham, in the county of Durham, to Anne Isabella, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke (Noel), Bart. ; and on the 10th December, in the same year, his only child, Ada, was born. Early in the following year, for reasons which, up to the present time, have been involved in mystery, a separation took place,* and a few months later, his Lordship quitted England, to return to it no more.

Early in 1823, Lord Byron received flattering overtures to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence. On the 14th July, with his head full of warlike intentions, he sailed from Genoa : on the 19th, he put into Leghorn, to purchase the necessary stores ; and on the 23rd December, he landed at Dragomestri, on the coast of Greece. In sailing thence, towards Missolonghi, on the 3rd January, 1824, he leapt into the sea, on a cold and rough night, and swam a long way, thereby sowing the seeds of the malady which soon afterwards terminated his existence. On the 10th of the same month, he arrived at Missolonghi, where he found everything in a most perplexing, and almost hopeless, state of anarchy and confusion ; nothing daunted, however, he set to work with a spirit and application, which showed his great aptitude for the dispatch of public business. The place was unhealthy, and the weather very bad. Early in February, he got wet through, and on the 15th was seized with a dreadful convulsive fit, which rendered him senseless. On the 9th April, he again got wet through ; and on the 16th, at six o'clock in the evening, expired, from inflammation on the brain, in the arms of his friend, Prince Mavrocordato.† Every honour was paid to the remains of the illustrious dead. The body was embalmed, and the heart and brain placed in an urn, and forwarded together to Zante, and thence, by the ship Florida, which arrived

* As might be expected, a wonderful sensation was created in the public mind, at the time of this separation, and all kinds of contradictory rumours were in circulation ; it was, however, reserved to a lady, of considerable literary fame, very recently, to startle the whole civilised world, with a revelation on the subject, so scandalous in its details, and so improbable in itself, as to call forth the indignant protest of thousands who had formerly been amongst her greatest admirers. In a word, the only parallel to the excitement, which this scandal created, is to be found in another, which was raised, still more recently, by a member of the same lady's own family.

† The circumstances attending the last few hours of Lord Byron's life, are thus related by his faithful valet, and constant attendant, Mr. Fletcher :—

“ After giving directions that another medical man, Dr. Fowler, should be sent for, he said, ‘ I now begin to think I am seriously ill ; and in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.’ I answered, I would, in case such an event came to pass ; but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, ‘ No ; it is now nearly over ;’ and then added, ‘ I must tell you all without losing a moment.’ I then said, ‘ Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper ?’ ‘ Oh, my God ! no ; you will lose too much time ; and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,’ said his Lordship ; and immediately after, ‘ Now, pay attention !’ His Lordship commenced by saying, ‘ You will be provided for.’ I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence. He then continued, ‘ Oh, my poor dear child ! my dear Ada ! My God ! could I but have seen her ! Give her my blessing ; and my dear sister Augusta, and her children. And you will go to Lady Byron, and say—tell her every thing—you are friends with her.’ His Lordship seemed to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals ; but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice, and said, ‘ Fletcher, now if you do



in England on the 1st July. On the 9th and 10th, the body lay in state, at the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Great George Street, Westminster; from thence it was conveyed, in a hearse, to Nottingham, where it again lay in state, at the Black's Head Hotel,* and was visited by thousands of sympathisers.

On Friday, the 16th, the funeral *cortège*, followed by the Corporation of Nottingham, and a number of his Lordship's most intimate friends, and accompanied by a large concourse of persons, eager to show a last testimony of respect to his memory, wended its slow way towards Hucknall, where, in the family vault, in the chancel of the old village church, all that was mortal of the great Poet, was placed beside the coffin of his mother; he having expressed a wish, in one of his earlier poems, that his dust might mingle with hers.†

On the southern wall of the chancel, is a plain Grecian tablet, commemorative alike of the illustrious dead, and of a sister's love. On it is inscribed the following:—

IN THE VAULT BENEATH,
WHERE MANY OF HIS ANCESTORS AND HIS MOTHER
ARE BURIED, LIE THE REMAINS OF
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
LORD BYRON OF ROCHDALE,
IN THE COUNTY OF LANCASTER,
THE AUTHOR OF "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE."
HE WAS BORN IN LONDON, ON THE
22ND OF JANUARY, 1788.
HE DIED AT MISSOLOGHI, IN WESTERN GREECE,
ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, 1824,
ENGAGED IN THE ATTEMPT TO
RESTORE THAT COUNTRY TO HER ANCIENT FREEDOM
AND RENOWN.
HIS SISTER, THE HONOURABLE
AUGUSTA MARY LEIGH,
PLACED THIS TABLET TO HIS MEMORY.

not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible.' Here I told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said; to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all is lost; for it is now too late! Can it be possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my Lord,' said I; 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over!' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done;' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done; but I will try.' His Lordship did, indeed, make several efforts to speak, but could only speak two or three words at a time, such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister!—you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes.' The rest was quite unintelligible. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now;' upon which he laid down, never to rise again; for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat; on these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head; and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock on the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes, and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed; 'I fear his Lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right; he is gone!'"

* The remains of this hotel constitute the present east side of High Street, above the piazza, and extend some distance up Pelham street.

† The urn, containing the heart and brain, was enclosed in a box, and placed at the head of the coffin.

On the 8th July, 1835, Ada Augusta, Lord Byron's only child, was united to Lord King, who was afterwards, in 1838, created Earl of Lovelace. This lady was "highly gifted, and endowed with a large share of her father's vivid temperament; she delighted in intellectual, as well as benevolent and kindly pursuits; one of her most intimate and prized friends having been, for many years, that intelligent judge of female character and excellence, Mrs. Jamieson."

On the 27th November, 1852, her Ladyship also died, at her London residence, after a lingering and painful illness, from cancer.* On the 2nd December, her remains were also conveyed to Nottingham, where they rested, for the night, at the George Hotel. On the following morning, the funeral *cortège* took its departure for Hucknall Torkard, every mark of respect being paid, by the inhabitants, along the route through which it passed. Arriving at the sacred edifice, the mournful procession was met by the Rev. Curtis Jackson, who performed the solemn rites of the Church, after which the remains of one, whom Lord Byron designated as, "sole daughter of my house and heart," were placed in the vault near to those of her illustrious father. The coffin was covered with rich puce silk velvet, the furniture being of frosted silver. Upon the upper panel of the lid, were two raised shields, one emblazoned with the family arms, and the other bearing the following inscription:—

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AUGUSTA ADA,
WIFE OF WILLIAM, EARL OF LOVELACE,
AND ONLY DAUGHTER OF GEORGE GORDON NOEL,
LORD BYRON,
BORN 10TH DECEMBER, 1815,
DIED 27TH NOVEMBER, 1852.

A more fitting conclusion to this fragmentary history, of the life and death of one of England's greatest bards, could not be selected, than the following lines from the last canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," more especially as fifty years have just elapsed, since the hand that wrote them was laid to rest:—

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal shoon and scallop shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!"

* Lord Byron and his daughter, were both of the same age, thirty-seven years, when they died.

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